

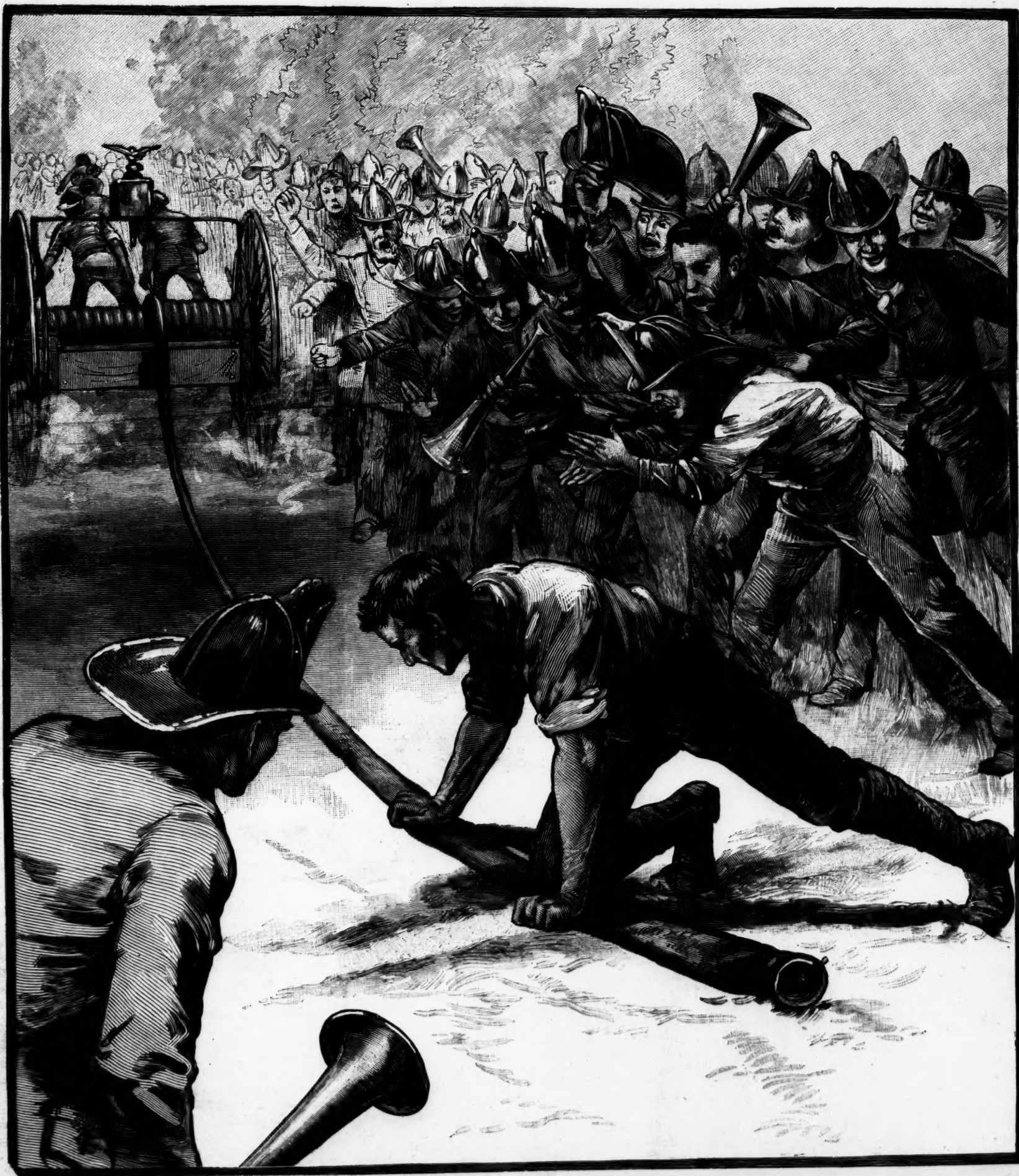
FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED
NEWSPAPER

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No. 1,566.—VOL. LXI.]

NEW YORK—FOR THE WEEK ENDING SEPTEMBER 26, 1885.

[PRICE, 10 CENTS. \$1.00 YEARLY.
12 WEEKS, \$1.00.]



A DAY WITH VOLUNTEER FIREMEN.—COMPETITIONS OF SKILL AND SPEED IN HOSE-LAYING, WATER-THROWING AND LADDER-MOUNTING—"HOLD FAST!"

FROM SKETCHES BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 96.

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,
53, 55 & 57 PARK PLACE, NEW YORK.
Mrs. FRANK LESLIE, Proprietor.

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 26, 1885.

OUR NEW SERIAL.

We commence in this number of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER a new serial, entitled,

"A HUSBAND OF THE PERIOD,"

which cannot fail to awaken the interest of our readers. It embodies a realistic exposition of the horrors of Mormonism as it exists to day in Utah; and every one who reads it will realize more than ever the duty and necessity of putting a speedy end to that great abomination.

LEGISLATION FOR TEMPERANCE.

HOW, in present circumstances, to deal most effectually with the terrible evils of the rum traffic, is a problem upon which the friends of Sobriety are much divided in opinion. On the one hand are the Prohibitionists, who will tolerate no other way or measure than their own; who insist that alcohol is a deadly poison that should never be used as a beverage, and that the manufacture and sale of any liquors in which it is an element should be sternly forbidden under severe penalties. In the rural portions of the country, where this sentiment is often dominant, a prohibitory law, however objectionable on theoretical grounds, might work successfully; but in the cities and larger towns, as experience has abundantly shown, this measure, however desirable and however good in itself, is utterly and hopelessly impracticable. The vast majority do not believe in it, nor in the principle upon which it rests. They, on the other hand, hold that intoxicating liquors, taken in moderation, are not hurtful, but often helpful; and they insist that at any rate they have a right to their opinions, and that the State should make no law to prevent them from obtaining the beverages which it is their pleasure to use. They admit the evils that attend the liquor traffic, and are in favor of putting that traffic under sharp restrictions; but they insist that it should not be utterly destroyed, and that the attempt to destroy it by law will work mischief by practically leaving it without any restraint whatever; it being a well-settled truth that statutes contrary to or unsupported by public sentiment necessarily become a dead letter, thereby tending to bring law itself into contempt.

Unscrupulous liquor-dealers have long profited by these divisions among the true friends of Temperance, and in no other State in the Union more than in New York; and we are glad to see that a strong movement has been organized to procure the passage of an Excise Law that will place the traffic in intoxicating liquors under such wholesome restraints as public opinion will sustain, and as will tend to diminish the evils of intemperance. We have before us the form of a statute, carefully and skilfully framed by experienced and competent men, and representing the views of two responsible committees—one appointed by the Church Temperance Society; the other, by the Society for the Prevention of Crime. Its provisions for the protection of the young were drawn by Elbridge T. Gerry, President of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children; its criminal clauses, by Colonel Beecher, late Assistant District-attorney; and its general legal phraseology is the work of Austin Abbott, Esq. The main features of this Bill are: A broad distinction between distilled and fermented liquors—the license fee for the former being \$1,000, for the latter, \$100; the publication of name and address of applicant at least one week before license is granted; prohibiting sale of liquors to minors, under penalty of revocation of license; prohibiting sale of liquor on board excursion-boats and in tenement-houses; requiring dealers to keep the interior of their premises open to view; disqualifying convicts from holding licenses; disqualification of premises for one year on conviction or revocation of license.

Thus the committees have dealt with the question as practical men, not as doctrinaires, seeking to do only what is possible through the united exertions of all sincere friends of Temperance. The Bill having been submitted to us for criticism, we are free to say that it commands our heartiest approval; and we rejoice to learn that steps will be taken to submit its provisions to all candidates for legislative honors; that it will be submitted to the Legislature promptly at the earliest day practicable; and that care will be taken that it shall not be allowed to be used for partisan political purposes.

It would be easy, if space allowed, to draw an argument in favor of the proposed legislation from recent statistics of the liquor traffic. It is startling to remember, for example, that in the City of New York the army of drink-sellers outnumber that of the sellers of food by nearly 3,000, and that out of 1,002 political conventions held here last year, 683 were held in liquor-saloons. That the extent of the traffic in the whole country is as great as it would have been if there had been no Temperance agitation, cannot be supposed; and yet, in spite of all that has been done to check it, the amount of intoxicating liquors consumed is nearly, if not quite, as great now as it was five or ten years ago. The use of distilled

liquors has slightly decreased, while that of fermented drinks has been augmented, which is a hopeful sign. The reason why so little has been accomplished by the friends of Temperance is that so many of them have spent their strength upon impracticable measures, instead of utilizing the public sentiment already existing in favor of reasonable and wholesome restrictions.

THE LIBERAL PROGRAMME IN ENGLAND.

MR. GLADSTONE has at length spoken, and the Liberal campaign in England will be conducted on the lines he has marked out. His address to the Midlothian electors, issued last week, shows very conclusively that he has lost none of his sagacity and statesmanlike ability in dealing with difficult questions. He recognizes frankly the advance in Radical sentiment, and as to the reform of the land laws, acknowledges the justice of the main principles of the Radical programme. He opposes primogeniture and entails, and seems to be willing, though he does not say so in specific terms, to acquiesce in the disestablishment of the Church of England. As to the House of Lords, he says that an important change in its character is justified, but he hopes that a reasonable share of power may be allowed under wise conditions to the principle of birth. On the Irish question Mr. Gladstone makes no new avowals. He believes that the wisdom of the nation is still adequate to the solution of the problem, and adds, with evident reference to Mr. Parnell, that "history and posterity will consign to disgrace the name and memory of every man, on whichever side of the Channel he dwells, who, having power to promote peace and friendship, uses it for strife and enmity." As to foreign matters, Mr. Gladstone speaks with characteristic candor. He confesses that there have been serious errors of judgment in the Sudan, and that the responsibility of his Government for these mistakes cannot be avoided. But these mistakes, he adds, were the product of the public opinion of England: "They were the proper and certain consequence of undertakings against nature, and that lie beyond the scope of human means." He advocates a withdrawal from Egypt at the earliest moment that honor will permit. There can be no doubt that the address will tend to consolidate the Liberal strength; but whether it will command a decisive success in the coming elections, only the event can determine. It counts for much, in any case, that Mr. Gladstone is in full fighting trim. Meanwhile, Mr. Chamberlain, whose views on the land question are much in advance of those held by Mr. Gladstone, is speaking daily in Scotland, where he is received with the greatest enthusiasm. His speeches favor a National Council in Dublin, but demand that Mr. Parnell shall be put down; and they have given great offense to some of the Irish leaders.

A HINT FOR GIRLS.

A LIVELY sensation has been caused in Illinois by the action of the daughter of one of the millionaires of the State, who has voluntarily gone to work at sixty cents a day in a spinning-mill at Rockford. The secret of it seems to be that her father told her in a banter that he would give her a dollar for every cent she would earn; so that her actual wages in the factory are \$60.60 a day. The danger was that, after working a week, Nellie Dean would retire with \$363.60—enough to buy her Winter sealskin furs—and that thenceforth she would toil not, neither would she spin. But even this danger has been averted by the suspension of her unusual exertions at the end of the first day, on the inadequate ground that it rendered her too conspicuous.

As Miss Nellie got one hundred and one times as much pay as any of her associates, no important lesson concerning the dignity of labor, or conclusion concerning the problem of wages, can be drawn from her freak; but yet the capricious act of the rich girl who wants pin-money is not without its valuable suggestion. The suggestion is this: That it would be a wise thing if every girl in the land whose father has raised her above the immediate necessity of labor would work enough to learn how to do some useful thing which the world wants done and is willing to pay for. If every girl would learn to be self-supporting in an emergency, the sum total of human misery would be immensely reduced. If every girl, regardless of her father's pecuniary condition, would put her hand to some difficult employment—would acquire special training as milliner or dressmaker, as painter or sculptor, as printer or bookbinder, as designer or pattern-maker, as architect or decorator, as cabinetmaker or jeweler, as shoemaker or hatter, learning some of those myriad trades to which she is by nature quite as well adapted as are the young men around her, she would achieve for herself a most enviable position of independence. She would not, indeed, change her nature, but her art; she would not learn to disdain, permanently, that domestic life to which she is supremely fitted, or to ignore matrimony and despise the men; but she would occupy a coigne of vantage from which she could exercise dignified choice in marriage, instead of being compelled to accept an unworthy husband from a position of dependence.

No millionaire's daughter or millionaire's wife knows how long her husband or her father will be able to support her in luxury, or, indeed, support her at all. If every young woman would learn, through hard work and

self-denial, how to do something which there is a constant demand for, how the wolf would slink from a thousand doors! how a thousand hearths would be illuminated with a new cheer! There can never be even an approach to a solution of "the woman question" until this need of the girls of the land is practically realized in our homes.

LESSONS OF THE GREAT YACHT-RACE.

THE remarkably small distance by which the *Puritan* defeated the *Genesta* in the decisive race for the America's cup, last week, proved conclusively two things: First, that the English cutter is by far the most formidable competitor the American yachtsmen have yet met, and one that would have vanquished any sloop or cutter we now have, save the *Puritan* and perhaps the *Priscilla*; and, secondly, that the *Genesta* represents the type of boat best suited to the deep waters and strong winds of the English coasts, and the *Puritan* equally represents the type best adapted to American waters. They are both the products of a score and a half of years of study, observation and experiment, and represent the best thought of American and English sailors and yachtsmen.

While America has retained the cup which makes her still mistress of the yachting seas at least, she has done so by so hard and closely contested a struggle that it will be necessary for her to look closely to her laurels; for, if we mistake not, the wresting of the prize from the *Genesta* by the *Puritan* on Wednesday, just as the former seemed to hold it within her grasp, will only spur the English yachtsmen on to greater efforts to recover the prize which is symbolical of its holder's superiority in aquatic matters. There are two cutters now in English waters, the *Galatea* and the *Irex*, which have notable sailing qualities. The *Galatea* has a record equalling, if not surpassing, that of the *Genesta*; while the *Irex*, although only lately launched, has given indications of great speed. When it becomes known to their owners that in a good cutter day, and on an ocean course, the *Genesta* led her fleet competitor off the wind, defeated her by two minutes in an outward run of twenty miles, and on the homeward beat to windward in the teeth of a Nor'west squall was only vanquished by one and a half minutes, and this with a shift of wind which enabled the *Puritan* from her windward, though rearward, position, to ease her sheets and run to the finish a trifle off the wind, it will not be a matter of surprise should they think their chances favorable for taking the cup, and send over a challenge in the coming Spring. If they do so, it will be a great question, and one entirely dependent upon the conditions of the weather, whether we can retain the cup. In the event of such another contest, with the *Genesta*, the *Irex* or *Galatea* as our competitor, the American people may well pray that the decisive race may not be sailed over an ocean course in a northwest wind like that of last Wednesday.

FAITH CURES.

THE introduction of faith, as a new curative agent, into the province of pathology, seems imminent at present, if half the cures attributed to the psychological method of treatment are properly accredited. Indeed, so marvelous are the cures claimed on behalf of this system, and so well authenticated are they in a good many cases, that even the most skeptical are forced to admit that benefit has resulted from such methods, though they may differ radically from the advocates of the faith cure as to the *modus operandi*. Never before, at least in any Protestant country, has there been so much interest displayed relative to cures supposed to be effected by prayer and through the exercise of faith. The practice prevails in Europe as well as in America, and its believers are as various in their creeds as in their nationalities. The priests of the shrine of St. Anne, below Quebec, probably claim no greater healing power for their patron saint than many of the Protestant believers in the faith cure claim for their mode as a species of universal remedy. The subject is certainly an interesting one, and cannot fail to attract the attention of those who care to study the influence of mental states upon physical conditions.

During last week a Convention of Faith-curers, held at Greenville, in New Jersey, discussed elaborately the subjects of the anointing of the sick, the laying-on of hands, and prayers for the sick, the debates being spiced with accounts of cures effected through this anointing and the prayer of faith. None of the cases reported were, however, of such a character, as would involve an admission of the miraculous in the cures accomplished. Pathologists, as well as others, are well aware of the influence of the imagination over the body, and in the cases discussed an undoubting belief in the merit of such a psychical agency as the prayer of faith would be, doubtless, ample to secure the desired result. In cases of organic diseases and lesions it is, however, quite different, and to the pathologist it would be utterly incomprehensible that prayer could restore to its normal condition a hypertrophied heart, or give back life and motion to the limbs of a paralytic. One Joseph Liset, of a town in Massachusetts, was said to be suffering from this latter ailment, and his recent alleged cure at one of the Lower Canadian shrines caused a great deal of excitement and comment. It was claimed that, previous to his visiting

the shrike, the boy could not move without crutches, though the doctors say that this is untrue, and that there was nothing to prevent him had he sought to do so.

A lady stated recently in positive terms that when she went to a faith-cure church for prayers, she was so weak that she had to lean upon friends; an hour later she came home without assistance, and has since then enjoyed better health than ever before. Another stated that she had been suffering for months with rheumatism, and was scarcely able to attend to her household duties, and that upon visiting the prayer-room she became immediately cured. In the latter case, however, it was proved upon inquiry that she was not quite free from pain, but that she found herself able to perform duties which seemed impossible to her before. Is it not probable that, in the cases just referred to, excited hope and imagination were the potent agencies in effecting a cure, which at least in one case was merely palliative?

Hamlet's sage remark relative to the limitations of philosophy is as true now as ever, and the mysterious influence of mind upon mind and of the imagination upon the body leaves much room for research for future physiologists and psychologists. While denying the miraculous in such reported cures, it is not necessary to limit the power of prayer, or to deprive it of those virtues and influences which are attributed to it in Holy Writ. Miracles, as an agency in the Christian economy, ceased with the Apostolic Age, and it would not be difficult to show that the principal Biblical authority that the advocates of faith cure have for their methods—that contained in the Epistle of James—was merely of a local and temporary character, and limited to the age in which the apostle lived.

JUMBO'S UNTIMELY END.

THE king of elephants has met with a sudden and untimely death. Although provided with ample hearing apparatus, he followed the example of many foolish deaf men, walked on the railroad-track, and was struck from behind by a locomotive. He succumbed, though not without a struggle; for before he died he had the satisfaction of seeing the engine and several cars thrown off the track and into the ditch.

Although a fourth larger than any other animal walking the known earth in our day, Jumbo was only twenty-five years old. It was said that he had not yet stopped growing, and he might have lived a century longer—possibly to be one of the last of his race, which is rapidly disappearing. Now, if he is to continue his earthly pilgrimage at all, it must be as a poor stuffed dummy, while his colossal skeleton is to keep permanent company with the reconstructed *ichthyosaurus* and *megatherium* at the Smithsonian Institute. Untimely, melancholy close of a glorious career! Jumbo's origin is enshrouded in African mystery; but since he was two years old he has been a *fêted* public celebrity in the capitals of Europe and America. At the tender age mentioned, he was sold by some Arabs to the Jardin des Plantes, in Paris. A little later he was transferred to the London Zoo, where he remained under the care of Keeper Scott for nearly twenty years, attaining meanwhile to a size which made him the wonder of the world. The good traits of his race were likewise magnified in him. He was ever affectionate and docile—in fact, an ideal specimen of

"The wisest brute, with gentle might endowed;
Though powerful, not destructive."

His fondness for children was remarkable, and seemed to grow with his growth. The little ones, on their part, confided in him implicitly, and not a hair of one of their heads was ever injured in his presence. He never wearied of rocking them on his back, nor they of feeding him with candy, apples and buns; while his huge trunk would be stretched forth like a gentle hand, and his little eyes would twinkle with kindness and merriment.

It was inevitable that such a paragon of elephantine virtues should sooner or later fall into the hands of Mr. Barnum; and when Jumbo was booked for America, in 1882, all England went elephant-mad. Parliament itself enacted a special law concerning his voyage over the ocean. Mr. John Ruskin, for once in his life, wrote something funny, in the form of a letter scolding his countrymen, in tremendous rhetoric, for parting with their pet. Mr. Matthew Arnold, whom we welcomed almost simultaneously with the zoological celebrity, waxed sarcastic over the fact that the newspaper reports of his lectures here were somewhat cramped by "chronicles of Jumbo." Needless to say, Jumbo established himself at once as a great American favorite; and during his four seasons here, has been visited by over 4,000,000 children and 16,000,000 people. It cannot be denied, therefore, that the death of such an animal is as deserving of respectful comment as the taking-off of—let us say—a critic or an office-holder.

THE INDIANA SWINDLE.

IT appears that the Trustees of certain Townships in Indiana have carried on for some time a colossal swindle in the form of a fraudulent issue of Township Bonds. Under the laws of many of the Western States, Township Trustees in the various counties are empowered to erect school-houses and purchase whatever furniture and other supplies may be needed for them, at the public expense. In the flourishing villages and growing towns of the West the legitimate expenditures for school pur-

poses become relatively large in amount. This fact has made it possible for a number of dishonest Trustees, acting in collusion or in concert, to dispose of excessive issues of Township Bonds, so as to realize large sums of money for themselves and their fellow-conspirators in the fraud. The discovered frauds in Indiana are confined chiefly to Washington, Daviess and Union Counties. It is thought that a million dollars worth of these fraudulent bonds have been issued by the Trustees of the various Townships in the counties named.

An unsuccessful gambler, named Pollard, seems to have traveled from county to county for the purpose of talking Township Trustees into this course of rascality. Pollard had originally become acquainted with his less experienced victims through the extensive sale to them of lightning-rods. He next persuaded some of them to allow him large commissions on the purchase of legitimate supplies for school-buildings. Pollard's final step was to induce them to sign bonds for the ostensible payment of debts incurred for school purposes, which in point of fact were never incurred at all. These negotiable bonds are genuine in so far that they are not spurious or forged. But they are fraudulent because there was no occasion, warrant or authority for their issue for the amounts that they covered. Civil Service Commissioner Thoman has been a negotiator, a presumably innocent negotiator, of some of these fraudulent securities. From a recent decision of the Supreme Court of Indiana, it appears to be settled that the Agent or Trustee of a Township can bind the corporate organization only within the scope of his authority. He has only as a special agent such authority as the statute confers upon him. He must have possessed authority to incur the specific debt before the corporation is held liable for it.

The lesson taught by these amazing Indiana frauds is an old one. Extreme caution must be exercised in selecting agents to be invested with official power, whether those agents are high or low. After they are clothed with official powers, their exercise of official authority must be watched and scrutinized until that authority is laid aside. As a good business man watches his employes, so the public must watch their servants in order to be sure that they do not go wrong. Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty and of good government. Lead us not into temptation, was evidently not the daily prayer of the absconding Indiana Township Trustees.

ECHOES FROM ABROAD.

THERE have been no important developments during the past week in connection with the dispute over the Caroline Islands. The excitement in Spain appears to have almost entirely subsided, and the belief is general that the controversy will be amicably settled. The Island of Yap has been formally occupied by Spanish troops, who will remain in possession pending the negotiations. The statement is made that England does not intend to support Germany in her claims respecting the sovereignty of the Islands, but offers to mediate with Spain; and it is hinted that if the latter shall persist in her rejection of arbitration, Bismarck will endeavor to convene a conference of the European Powers and the United States, either at Paris or Vienna, for the purpose of deciding the principles which shall govern the acquisition and protection of territory in the Pacific. Spain is said to be negotiating for the purchase of two men-of-war, and there are signs of increased activity in the German Navy. All ironclads on foreign stations have been ordered by telegraph to prepare for any emergency. The German squadron at Zanzibar has been ordered to get ready for the Mediterranean.

Sir Henry Drummond Wolff has failed in his mission to Constantinople, the Sultan having refused to accede to his proposition for a joint occupation of Egypt. The refusal is supposed to have proceeded from a fear that Russia would regard the alliance as an unfriendly act. The Sultan, however, has agreed to send a commission to join with one from England in an inquiry as to the necessity for reforms in the administration of the finances of Egypt, and for a reorganization of the military forces of that country.

Election meetings, some of them so lively as to develop into brawls, are the order of the day in Paris. Little interest is shown in the coronation of General de Courcy's new King of Anam, who is the adopted son of Tudac, ex-Emperor of Anam. The artistic riches, and the \$5,000,000 in bar-silver, which the French captured in the Citadel after the outbreak of last July, have been turned over to the new King. During the past week, twenty or more cases of cholera, claimed by the sanitary officials to be sporadic, have been reported in Paris. Toulon and Marseilles are nearly rid of the plague, which is dying out more slowly in Spain. A few Italian cities, notably Palermo, still report deaths from cholera.

The International Telegraph Conference at Berlin closed last week. The most important event of its sittings was the victory won by the Egyptian delegates over Mr. John Pender, of the Eastern Telegraph Company, whereby the latter was forced to abate its exorbitant rates through Egypt. The new tariffs will go into effect in July, 1886.—Large and enthusiastic demonstrations in favor of universal suffrage have taken place at Amsterdam and Rotterdam.

THE protocol for a treaty between Russia and Afghanistan is announced, in which England does not seem to have taken part, but in which the bear gets the lion's share. The whole of the Penjdeh peninsula that was in controversy goes to Russia, while the Zulfikar Pass, which there has been no real question about, goes to Afghanistan. This is what the Czar cunningly calls a compromise. "This territory is yours," he frankly says; "let us peaceably settle our quarrel about it. I will take four-fifths of it, and give you the rest."

THE political struggle in Ohio is growing in interest and intensity. All the candidates for Governor are on the stump, and Senator Sherman and other prominent persons are addressing large audiences in various parts of the State. The Prohibitionists are especially active, and some of their more sanguine leaders claim that their vote will reach 100,000. This, however, is no doubt an exaggerated claim, but if the total Prohibition vote should approximate even 50,000, the Republican ticket will inevitably be defeated. The prospects of that party have been injured,

too, by the efforts of the leaders to revive the sectional question and reawaken old and buried animosities. Should the Democrats carry the Legislature, ex-Senator Thurman will be urged for the United States Senate; but there is a probability that he would not accept, and in that case Mr. John R. McLean, of the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, would become a formidable candidate for the place. As the leader of the younger, more active and more advanced element of his party, he would certainly prove a valuable acquisition to the Senate.

THE refusal of the French Canadians of Montreal to be vaccinated, and their defiance of law for the gratification of a superstition, is one of the most curious facts which the current epidemic has disclosed. No less significant and full of menace is the antagonism between the French and English of the Dominion, developed by attempts to fight the contagion. It looks as if the French there were as hostile to English domination as they were when the rebellious Acadians fled, or when Wolfe climbed to the Heights of Abraham. There is scarcely ever any genuine fusion between the blood of the Saxon and the Gaul.

As was predicted some time ago in this journal, Riel has been respite pending the decision of the Privy Council of Great Britain on the appeal which is to be presented in his behalf. The pressure brought to bear upon the Dominion Government by the French Canadians in behalf of Riel was so powerful, that it was finally deemed expedient to grant the respite, and to permit the case to be appealed. But unless the Government of Canada desires Riel's sentence to be mitigated without assuming the responsibility of its modification, and an intimation of such a wish is conveyed to the Privy Council, it is not probable that that body will reverse the sentence of the Manitoba Court which sentenced Riel to death.

CERTAINLY something must be done to make druggists' mistakes in putting up prescriptions impossible, or, at any rate, improbable. A Boston druggist, being interviewed as to the Hoboken tragedy, declares that physicians frequently make out wrong prescriptions, and that thereby result many deaths whose cause is never suspected! He tells of a physician "of fine education and with excellent professional reputation" who gave a patient a prescription for three drachms of morphine, "enough to kill fifty persons," and he adds, "I dare say I have on my records a hundred such death-warrants!" Of course, in this case, the murderous prescriptions were never made up. The revelation starts an awful train of suspicious thought—as long and black as a funeral procession.

INCOMPETENT attorneys and their unfortunate clients should be deeply interested in an opinion rendered last week by Judge Daniels in the General Term of the Supreme Court in the City of New York. The principle is, that lawyers engaging in the service of others should be reasonably well informed of the principles of law applicable to their client's case, and that a failure in this respect should not only involve a loss of all compensation for services rendered, but should also leave them liable as well for any loss resulting to the client through their carelessness or ignorance. Such a statement of the law cannot fail to have a salutary effect, but whether it will result in altogether deterring unprincipled or incompetent lawyers from assuming responsibilities which they neglect through design or ignorance, may perhaps be doubted.

PROCEEDINGS have been instituted against the Civil Service Commissioners by one James A. Hinckley, requiring them to show by what authority they exercise their powers, and the President has directed United States District-attorney Dorsheimer to appear as their counsel and maintain the constitutionality of the Act under which they serve. This action is not, perhaps, to be regretted, as it opens the way for a direct decision of the question of the validity of the Civil Service Law, and a final determination, one way or the other, of the legislative power of Congress to restrain the functions of the Executive in the matter of appointments. Should the law be held to be constitutional, the result will, of course, greatly strengthen the President in his refusal to bend to partisan clamor; but should the decision be otherwise, partisan heads of departments will find it much easier to carry out their own wishes and gratify the demands of the horde of place-hunters.

MANY persons have doubtless remarked that the mechanical get-up of the new postal-card is more elegant than the phraseology of its printed inscription, which reads: "Nothing but the address to be on this side." The fact is, that this is a precise and correct statement of the law, and has been reached only after several ambiguous attempts. The first postal-card had it: "Write the address only on this side," which might be—and was, by correspondents who wanted to write all over the card—construed as meaning, Do not write the address on both sides. The second attempt resulted in: "Nothing but the address can be placed on this side." Here, possibility was plainly confounded with permissibility; and the correspondent not only could, but did, place more than the address on the face of the card. Then there is the form of the Canadian and English postal-card, which says: "The address only to be written on this side," meaning, as it stands, that if the address be printed, or set down in any other way than by writing, it must be put on the other side. Therefore, we may congratulate ourselves upon having at last a perfectly worded postal-card, which means exactly what it says—namely, "Nothing but the address to be on this side."

At their recent State Convention, Massachusetts Prohibitionists took occasion to denounce the murder of peaceful Chinese laborers in Wyoming as "an infamous libel on civilization," and to recognize "the right of every person on our soil to the equal protection of our laws." No respectable citizen of the United States, of whatever party, or creed, or nationality, will question the correctness of this position; but the daily papers of the same date, which published the resolution of the Prohibitionists, also contained an account of the wrecking, by dynamite, of a saloon in an Ohio town. The whole front was blown out, while the proprietor of the saloon and members of his family, who were sleeping in rooms above the saloon, were blown from their beds and injured. This is not the first case of the kind in Ohio and Indiana where the intemperate zeal of the rabid Prohibitionists has led them to commit, or inspire, acts of the most flagrant character. There is no credit due them in this instance that the crime did not include the murder of several innocent people. To the respectable citizen, unblinded by the bitter prejudice which produce such deplorable results, it would appear that this latest outrage on the part of the Ohio Prohibitionists is a case that calls very loudly for the prompt enforcement of the just principle enunciated—although not originated—by the Massachusetts Prohibitionists, "the right of every person on our soil to the equal protection of our laws."

The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 87.



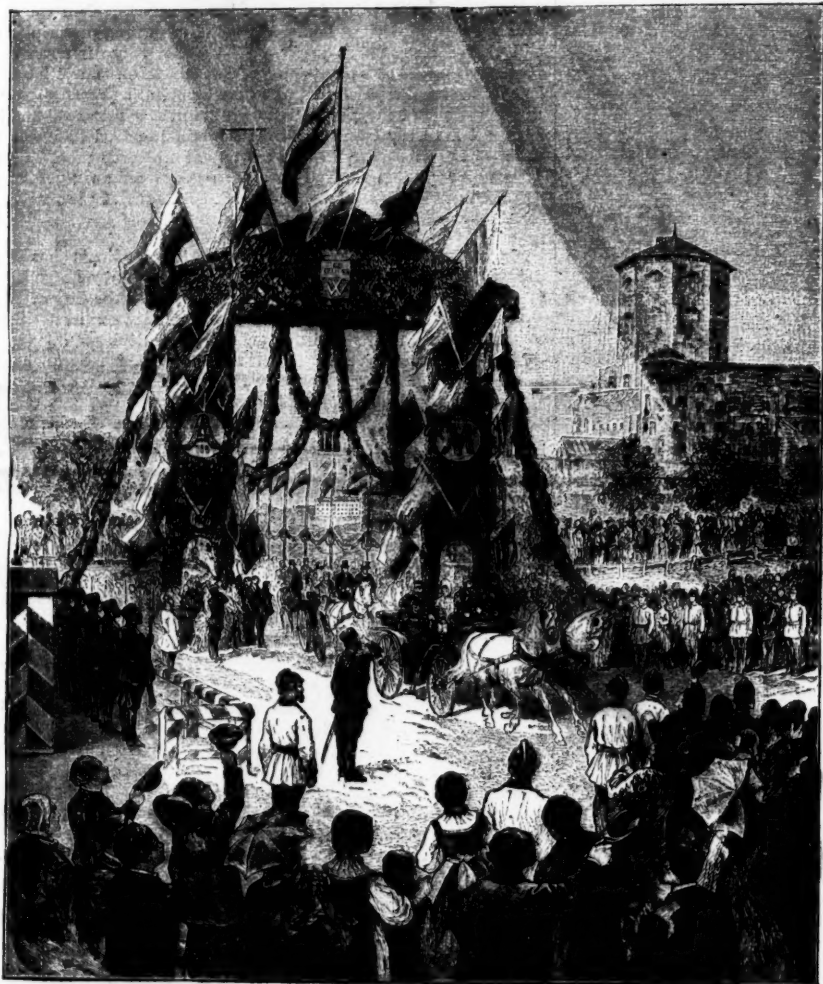
Princess Marie Amelie d'Orleans, Eldest Daughter of the Duc de Chartres.

Prince Waldemar, Youngest Son of the King of Denmark.

DENMARK.—THE ROYAL BETROTHAL.



ABYSSINIA.—A LAWSUIT BEFORE A RAS.



RUSSIA.—VISIT OF THE CZAR AND CZARINA TO VIBORG, FINLAND.



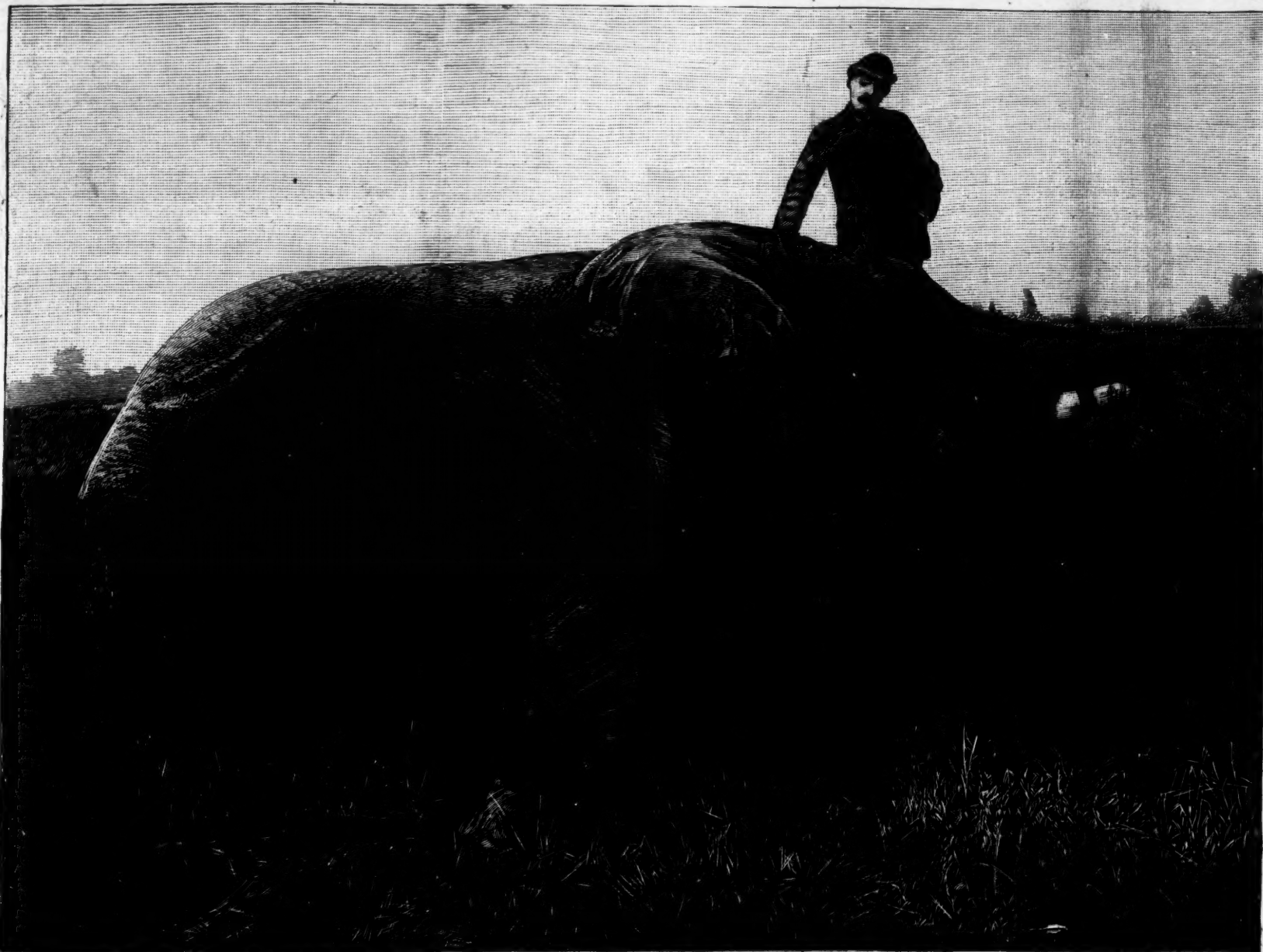
SPAIN.—ANTI-GERMAN DEMONSTRATION AT THE PALACE OF THE MINISTERIAL COUNCIL, MADRID, AUGUST 23D.



CAROLINE ISLANDS.—KING'S HOUSE, ON YAP ISLAND.



AUSTRALIA.—A SHEEP-DOG CONTEST AT COBAR.



CANADA.—THE REMAINS OF THE BIG ELEPHANT JUMBO, KILLED BY A RAILROAD-TRAIN AT ST. THOMAS, SEPTEMBER 15TH.
FROM A PHOTO. BY SCOTT & HOPKINS.

THE FATAL ACCIDENT TO JUMBO.

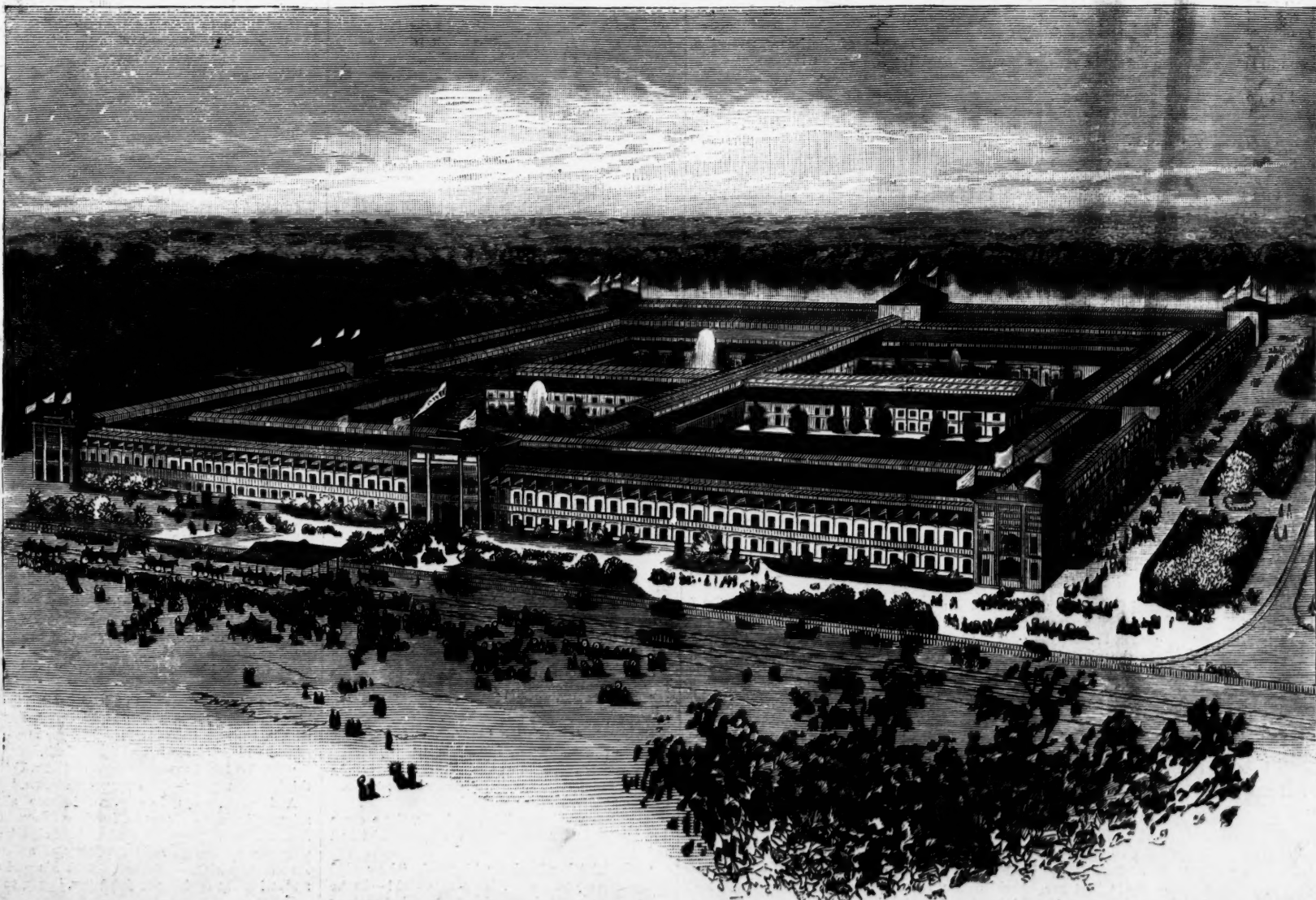
OUR picture, on this page, illustrating the tragic death of Mr. Barnum's world-famous elephant, Jumbo, is from a photograph taken soon after the accident. It occurred on Tuesday evening of last week, at St. Thomas, Ont., where

the great show had just given an entertainment. Jumbo and the clown elephant, Tom Thumb, were being led up the railroad-track to the circus-cars, when a freight train suddenly approached on the down grade. The engineer was unable to stop the train, and the elephants were hemmed in by cars on one side and a steep embankment on the

other. The locomotive struck the little elephant first, throwing him into the ditch, and then it dashed into Jumbo. The shock was as if two trains had met. The engine and two cars were derailed, the former being considerably damaged. Jumbo was terribly bruised, and lived but fifteen minutes after being struck by the locomotive.

Tom Thumb's leg was broken, and he had to be shot.

The great elephant was rolled off the track, and skinned by taxidermists. His flesh was burned on the spot, but his skeleton will be preserved, probably in the Smithsonian Institution at Washington. The loss to Barnum's show is incalculable, and



KENTUCKY.—THE SOUTHERN EXHIBITION BUILDING AT LOUISVILLE.
SEE PAGE 90.

thousands of children and adults throughout the land, who had known Jumbo's gentle disposition, will sincerely mourn his loss.

LOOKING WESTWARD.

BYOND the hills, that darkly rise
Against the glowing sunset skies,
I know my Land of Beulah lies.

E'en from the heights, the lucent air
Shuts off that country—ever fair,
Since Hope and Memory sojourn there.

As kindly Heaven may intervene
Our hearts and dearest hopes between,
So falls the sunset's golden screen;

And looking on the glowing West,
Mine eyes, that sought the earthly best
And pierced to Heaven, contented, rest.

MINNIE K. DAVIS.

A Husband of the Period; OR, A Modern Mormon.

By REBECCA FORBES STURGIS.

Author of "A Miserable Mistake," "A Terrible Crime," "The Mormon Wife," "His Enemy's Daughter," "Adam Talmage's Wife," etc.

CHAPTER I.

THE sun was sinking low in the west, and the sky had taken on all the shades of glorious brightness of amber, crimson and gold, with breezy banners drifting hither and thither, but still scarcely a breath of air fanned the cheek of Muriel, as she rocked idly back and forth on the broad piazza of Dr. Arbutnot's cottage.

It had been a trying day, she decided, mentally, a very trying day. The weather had been intolerably hot, the doctor's friends an intolerable set of bores.

"At last," said a voice beside her.

"Yes, at last, a little peace, a little rest," she responded, lightly. "Of all the awful—yes, positively awful—days I ever spent, this has been the chief! Fletcher, why do such people persist in coming? Each year they come here to visit your father, and each year they preserve the same dismal silence, varying the monotony only by expressing their preferences of the different dishes at the table. Not one looked upon the grand ocean that rolls at our feet with a thought in their brain concerning it save that it was a shameful waste of water."

There was more truth in her remarks than she was aware, for the doctor's friends were mill-owners, and the dry season had been a great trial to them.

Fletcher Arbutnot made no response; his eyes were drinking in the charms of the lovely face and the form of the girl before him. How fair, how very fair, he was thinking. Could this be the little girl he had played with for years—his little sister, his comforter, his all?

He smiled and blushed now under his tawny beard at the love he had lavished on her under the name of brotherly. Unconscious of his thoughts, Muriel continued:

"All day I have longed for a row down to Severn Rock, Fletcher, but dared not mention it while they were here. Let us go now."

Fletcher sprang quickly to his feet, and cast a rapid glance upwards.

"I think we will have a thunderstorm," he ventured to observe.

"Nonsense! I do not believe you want to go. There is not a threatening cloud visible. It is only an excuse."

"We will see," he responded, lightly, as he hurried down to the boat-house and began to prepare for their proposed sail.

Muriel entered the house, brought forth a shawl, kissed her hand to the old doctor, who glanced out of a window as she passed, and then tripped softly over the sands, humming a merry tune.

Never had her heart felt lighter, and never had she known a stronger desire to go to Severn Rock than to-night.

"It must be that I shall meet my fate there," she said, laughingly, as Fletcher, alarmed by the gathering clouds, proposed to return without landing. "All day long that mysterious clump of gray and green beckoned me over; now I am determined to gratify my whim by landing."

When the boat grated on the shore, Muriel sprang out and flitted along into the clump of trees just beyond.

Fletcher, more deliberate in his movements, pulled the boat up higher, and then raised his eyes to the rock above his head. There, in plain letters, were the initials "M. V., F. A."

"They stand the stress of time and weather," he muttered. "I hope the omen is good."

At that instant a loud report, a piercing shriek, fell simultaneously on his ears, followed by the distant rumbling of thunder.

"Is he dead?—is he dead?" Muriel shrieked, as Fletcher hurried forward, stooped over the prostrate form and tore the clothing off a shattered arm, when blood spouted up into the air. An artery had been severed.

As if guided by instinct more than reason, Muriel pressed her finger over the spot, and stopped the flow.

"Go quickly for your father!" Muriel excitedly cried. "Do not stop to try to bandage it in the twilight. See, he does not revive!"

Another peal of thunder louder than the first. "And leave you here alone?" he queried.

"And leave me here alone. I am no coward, Fletcher Arbutnot! Do go while yet we may save his life! I told you fate was driving me here!"

"My God! surely not your fate!" Fletcher groaned to himself, as he turned to row to the shore.

Already the sky had darkened; the waves were rolling high and cresting with foam.

Never man handled the oars with greater energy, and yet to him it seemed an age since he left the Rock until he pulled up to the beach before the cottage. He drew the boat after him to a supposed place of safety, and then dashed into his father's presence.

"Come quickly!" he almost shouted. "Some sportsman has shot himself over on Severn Rock, and I have left Muriel with him!"

"In this storm!" the old man exclaimed, as he kicked aside his slippers and pulled on his boots. "I know it will rain and she be exposed!" he kept growling, as he reached for his surgical instruments and procured a roll of bandages and lint. "Better the young jackanapes died than she to be exposed!"

But his son had not waited to hear his tirade. He had gone to the kitchen to procure a lantern. Ordinarily, he was a tender-hearted, humane man; but now he kept echoing his father's sentiments: "Better that fellow to have died than Muriel to be exposed!"

If they only could have looked into the future and seen the extent and the consequences of the exposure, they would have hesitated on the threshold of their own door, and made no attempt to rescue her, to save the life of the stranger who lay so cold and prone beside her.

"Ah, me! how oft the stoutest heart would quail could the curtain concealing fate be thrust aside!"

"Ready, father?"

"Ready!"

They hurried down the walk to the beach. The gathering darkness enveloped them. The thunder had increased in strength, and now seemed to shake the solid earth. The sky was cleft by vivid flashes, that formed into zigzag lines and lighted everything with a lurid flame.

The angry roar of the wicked waves struck terror into their hearts.

"The boat?" the doctor cried.

"It is gone!" Fletcher Arbutnot exclaimed.

"My God, gone!"

True. A wave, dashing higher than its fellows, had embraced the frail bark and carried it off.

For one moment the stout heart of each man quailed.

Gone, and Muriel alone, in danger, over on Severn Rock, half a mile from the shore, exposed to the violence of the tempest.

"We must get Grey's boat!" Fletcher shouted, that his voice might drown the din of the storm.

The old physician made no response. He followed his son down the beach to the nearest boat-house, a quarter of a mile distant.

Reaching there, the growl of a dog was the first sound to greet them. The animal was there to protect the boat from marauders, and now he gave forth his signal note.

Fletcher held the lantern high.

"Good Carl," he said, in coaxing tones, "don't you know me? Let me have the boat. Muriel is in danger."

The big eyes of the dog were fixed on his face; he knew Fletcher, and he also knew Muriel. Had he not fed from her hand many times? Who can measure the degree of canine intelligence? At her name he gave a short, quick bark, and frisked up and down.

"He understands!" Fletcher exclaimed. "He will not harm us."

He drew the boat out of the house, while the old man flashed the light upon the waves.

"We cannot go, my son," he said, in low, stern tones. "The boat would not live ten minutes in the surf."

"Not go?" Fletcher ejaculated. "Father, you must be mad!"

"I am not. We cannot go while this storm lasts! See how its violence increases each moment! It would be sure death on the ragged rocks just beyond."

"I will go!"

He gave the boat one push. His father laid a restraining hand on his arm.

"This is madness!" he cried. "No, my boy; she may live there; you would surely die trying to reach her!"

Fletcher sought to wrench himself from the detaining clasp of his father, and Carl growled. He was stronger than the older man. His blood was on fire. He could not leave the girl he loved better than life alone with a stranger, perhaps with a corpse.

"I will go. I don't want to hurt you, father! Let go! I am not a child! I am a man, and I love her better than my life!"

"Then save your life for her," was the response. "She is praying even now that you are not on the water. If you wrench yourself from me, before God, I will set the dog to hold you—he is nervous now—he will do it!"

Carl showed his teeth, great, strong threatening points. He did not quite understand this wild scene on the sand.

"Listen, my boy; be guided by reason. Do I not love her? Has she not been the light of my eyes for long years? But she is safe. She may suffer with terror, but will survive; to you, going means certain death. My son, my own, my only child, the one treasure left me when God took your mother, don't break my old heart!"

Carl raised up his voice and howled. A deafening crash—the heavens and earth seemed to have met in one common ruin. A blinding flash, a dead silence! A wild wave dashed upwards and almost enveloped them.

"Thank God!" exclaimed the voice of the old man reverently. "We live—we are here! Had you been in that shell, spurning the boat with his foot, 'it would all have been over!'"

Fletcher made no response. His heart upbraided him for not going; his reason told him his parent was right.

A moment later a man came rushing down from

the Grey cottage. He had been aroused by Carl's unusual, frantic barking, and looking from his window, discerned a light on the beach. Something was wrong, and he must investigate.

That terrific crash had been the last. A low rumbling was heard, which gradually died away in the distance. The water seemed to recede, the clouds drifted by, the stars peeped out. Almost as suddenly as the tempest had come it was drifting away.

Any one who has lived on the Atlantic coast of the New England States have witnessed just such storms.

"It will soon be fit for us to venture over," Mr. Grey observed. "I will run up to the house and notify them that I am going, and then accompany you. I think it probable that we will all be needed."

Fletcher did not speak. He was shivering like a man with the ague. No one could tell what he had suffered during the past hour. He believed he never could experience such another. He dreamed not of the hour of horror that was to come that would eclipse this.

It was still difficult to guide the boat against the waves which threatened to engulf them; but they persisted manfully.

As they neared Severn Rock they shouted and waved their lanterns.

"She will know help is nigh," the doctor observed. "It will cheer her."

Once more the boat grated on the sands. Grey took the precaution to drag it up high up and secure it before he followed the physician and his son.

Meanwhile how had the object of their solicitude fared?

When she heard the sound of Fletcher's oars grow fainter and fainter in the distance, a terrible loneliness oppressed her. She looked down at the human being whose life now depended on her power of endurance, her strength of nerve. In the dim twilight she could not distinguish one feature from another. Why did he did not move? Was he dying?

She had witnessed the accident. Just as she parted the thicket, he had his rifle raised, his aim taken; suddenly it exploded, and lodged its contents in his right arm.

The jar caused him to lose his footing from the sharp rocks on which he stood, and falling, he had struck his head on a ledge beneath. That blow produced unconsciousness, and he lay, to all appearance, dead on the sward.

The thunder growled, rumbled, and broke in great crashes over her, jarring the very island from its depths, still her finger remained stationary. The lightning played around her, lighting up the face beside her with a horrid, lurid glare. Surely it was the face of a corpse! And that pool beside her; what was it—water? She touched her left hand to it, felt it up, the next flash revealed blood! Oh, how ghastly everything looked! If only Fletcher would return. "No coward," she had said; now she could almost shriek with terror; she was almost afraid that, despite her strongest effort of will, she would scream aloud. Why did the man not revive? Was he dead? Could she not feel him growing colder each moment? Would it be wrong to take her finger off that artery? If he was really dead she would never get over this, never forget the horrible sensation she felt now. No coward!

"I am a coward!" she cried, as the last great peal shook the island. "I am a coward!" and her head dropped; but still her hand, her true right hand, never trembled or left its post. "Oh, Fletcher, come!"

Then it occurred to her that he might have ventured forth to her rescue, only to have been drowned; that help would never come; that the man before her was dead; that she, too, would die on this desolate rock.

Oh, fate! tell her to lift her finger! Oh, thunder! jar her hand from that vein! But, no, despite the horror in her brain, the sickness in her heart, her hand held true; his life must be saved.

The spray dashed over her ever and anon; surely it was that which kept consciousness in her body. How cold she was—how she chilled. Truly she must be the victim of some horrible nightmare. She could not, it was impossible, be alone at midnight in a terrific thunderstorm, exposed to the elements on Severn Rock, her only companion a corpse. Still her finger pressed the seemingly inanimate form; should she die she would be faithful till death.

A century seemed to have passed over her, when suddenly she heard the shouts, knew her rescuers had come. The lights flashed beside her; the old doctor, full of professional fire, knelt beside her; removed her hand, drew the ends of the artery up, and tied it. He dressed the wound skillfully, quickly, and then turned the stranger over.

"A bad wound here," he muttered, as he beheld a long, jagged gash just back of the left temple; "and still he lives."

Meanwhile Fletcher had lifted Muriel from her cramped position, and her head lay limp and helpless on his shoulder.

"I could not come quicker, my poor love," he was whispering to her deaf ears. "It was cruel to leave you here alone. I ought not to have done it. His life should not be spared at the sacrifice of yours!"

He strode towards the boat, carrying her light form as easily as though she was a babe.

He gave no thought to the patient in the wood; he never stopped to inquire whether he was dead or alive. For the time being, he did not care.

Before the old physician and Mr. Grey came bearing their burden between them, Muriel had revived.

"Oh, Fletcher," she whispered, "how glad I am that you came! It was awful!—Is he alive?" she queried eagerly of Dr. Arbutnot, as he at that moment appeared.

"Yes, my child, and he owes his life to you. It was a brave deed, my child, a very brave deed. And you have saved a human life!"

Still Fletcher held her close to his heart, and she did not resist—was he not the same as a brother?—while he trembled and shook so that he could not speak aloud, his face rivaling that of the unconscious man just placed in the bottom of the boat.

CHAPTER II.

THE old housekeeper stood peering out into the darkness when they reached the cottage. She had suffered with terror, for she loved Muriel with a love as fond as that of a mother, and she knew not what fearful thing might have happened to her.

"You are safe!" she cried aloud, pouncing upon the girl, and taking her from Fletcher. "Thank Heaven! I don't care if the heathen is dead!"

"Mrs. Birnie!" Muriel ejaculated, in a surprised tone.

"Well, anyway, I am thankful you are safe," said the old woman, thinking she might have been too cruel, and still leading the way to the guest-chamber, which was all prepared for the stranger's reception.

"Is he dangerously hurt?" Mr. Grey questioned as they laid the still unconscious man on the bed.

"Yes; I have no doubt but it will terminate in fever. The exposure will be most certain to bring on inflammation. A nice time you will have," he continued, addressing the housekeeper. "His eye fell on Muriel. 'Go to bed, instantly. You are thoroughly drenched.'"

At that instant Fletcher looked down upon the stranger. He stepped closer, looked again.

"Philip Gay!" he ejaculated.

"You know him?" queried his father.

"Yes."

His lips refused to utter more than that monosyllable.

A chill passed over him, and then he wished the man had never been brought beneath their roof. Muriel had obeyed her guardian's injunction and gone to bed. To-night she had not cared to look on the stranger's face.

Mr. Grey went home; the house was quiet, and Fletcher and his father sat alone beside the bed of the injured man.

"The most perfectly handsome man I ever saw," the elder Arbutnot observed. "He reminds me of the description of the Greek gods of olden times. You know him?"

"Yes. He went to school with me, then to college, and graduated the same year. He also studied law—is now practicing."

The father raised his eyes to his son's face. He detected a certain something amiss in the brevity of his answers.

"How about his moral character?" he queried, thinking of Muriel.

"I know nothing to his detriment."

"Has he friends?"

"Friends—yes; relatives, not any. He told me, and I know it to be true, that he was an orphan with only enough to educate him. That was all he required," he added, with a tinge of bitterness perceptible in his voice, "for he is as handsome as he is brilliant. Everything seemed to come to him by intuition. The other boys—I especially—were compelled to work hard where he only required to merely glance at the study in hand. His memory is something remarkable—he is remarkable altogether."

"Yet you do not like him," the doctor observed.

Fletcher tried to smile, but failed.

"That may not be his fault," he responded, and then a silence fell between them.

How handsome the face was on the pillow. The ghastly pallor, the deep gash could not spoil him. "And Muriel will see him," he thought, bitterly; "and she will remember that she saved his life—the life of a god."

To-night his heart had been stirred to its very depth. Never had he known how intensely he loved his father's ward until she was in such peril, and with the wealth of love came a great capacity for jealousy.

He glanced at himself in the mirror opposite. How haggard and awful the picture that met his eye! Glancing downward at the patient, and then back, he could see no beauty in his own reflection. How could one prefer his bronzed face, with its haggard lines? Of what account his honest brown eyes, his nut-brown hair, his tawny beard?

For the first time in his life he wished himself different in personal appearance, and then the absurdity of the idea occurred to him—a great, stalwart man, who wrote attorney-at-law after his name, imitating a modern Miss Nancy, sighing before a mirror!

The wounded man had revived, and was stirring uneasily and uttering low moans. It was evident that he was not conscious of anything around him.

"Go to bed," Fletcher said to his father. "I will watch beside him for the remainder of the night. You can do nothing more."

"I can do nothing more," he observed, as he arose to obey his son's injunction. "If anything should occur, call me."

For a time all was quiet; Fletcher tried to calm his own nerves, to shake off his foolish fears. He wished she had said nothing about her fate; that rang in his ears like an olden refrain.

"What a fool I am getting to be! I will try to think over my case—Little versus Brown."

A few moments longer an intense silence reigned, broken only by an incoherent muttering from the bed. Then there was a loud shriek; the stranger sat upright, his face that of a demon. He grasped his wounded arm with his well one, and, with the rapidity of lightning, began to tear off the splints.

Fletcher sprang to his side and tried to stop

him. He fought him with all the strength and fury of a demoniac. Fletcher was in a dilemma. It was impossible to loosen his hold on the madman for an instant, to summon his father; if he called loud enough to awaken him, he must alarm the whole household—bring Muriel down. However he could not remain quiet any longer. Philip would kill himself under his hands, before his eyes.

"Father! father!" he cried, loudly; "come quickly!"

The poor old physician was sleeping soundly after all the excitement he had endured, but that cry awakened him. As he came through the door, in answer to the summons, Muriel's white, scared face appeared opposite.

That wild cry aroused her, and she recognized Fletcher's voice.

While life lasted never would she forget the scene that met her vision. Sitting upright in the bed, wild with fury, and frantic with pain, sat a veritable Mephistopheles, but still the most beautiful being she had ever set eyes upon; and Fletcher, grand in his strength, stood over him, restraining, as best he could, the madman from tearing open his wounds, great cords standing out on his temples, and bead-like drops of perspiration rolling down his brow.

No one heeded her. The old doctor, after one hasty glance, mixed a powerful soothing-potion, and forced it between the stranger's unwilling lips.

Then a dead silence fell between the two men until the patient, overcome by the narcotic, and wearied by his wild struggles, lay calmly, quietly upon his pillow.

Dr. Arbuthnot readjusted the bandages and splints, and then observed:

"At the earliest hour possible, Fletcher, we will telegraph for Dr. Wiseman. He is an expert in brain troubles. The fall has injured his brain; this is not the raving produced by ordinary fever. I am sure he needs an operation on the skull."

"You will perform it?" Fletcher queried.

"Yes; but it may have a fatal ending. I wish to have a skillful physician beside me."

"A fatal ending! He must not die!" cried a shrill voice.

Both men started and looked towards the door.

Muriel stood there like one in a trance, her eyes fixed on the fair face of the stranger, with the expression a child might have when under a serpent's charm.

"My child," the doctor cried, quickly, "this is no place for you! Come, you must go back to bed, or I will have you sick on my hands as well. To-morrow you will be needed."

She returned to her room, but she carried with her a picture which time would fail to efface; and in her troubled sleep she re-lived all the exciting scenes of the night.

The morrow came at last.

Dr. Wiseman obeyed the summons of his confrère.

Dr. Arbuthnot had been correct in his ideas. An operation must be performed. A piece of bone pressed upon the brain.

"Is it strictly necessary?" Muriel questioned Fletcher.

"If he should recover bodily strength as he is now, he would be a madman," was the grave response. "It is his only hope."

"Then let it be done."

So full was her mind of the stranger, that she failed to notice how haggard Fletcher had grown, or that the one night had aged him.

She turned away with a sigh, though she told herself it was only due to a natural sympathy for any one in distress.

The operation was performed. Dr. Wiseman returned to the city, promising to send down a professional nurse. He agreed with his friend that it would be impossible for the family to give Gay the care he needed.

Then Fletcher sent a telegram to Gay's friends that an accident had occurred, so they need not worry over his mysterious disappearance.

(To be continued.)

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

THE DANISH ROYAL BETROTHAL.

Prince Waldemar, whose betrothal to the eldest daughter of the Duc de Chartres has just been announced, is the youngest son of the King and Queen of Denmark. He was born October 27th, 1858, and is consequently nearly twenty-seven years of age. He is the Sailor Prince of the Danish royal family, and holds the rank of first lieutenant in the Danish Navy. His fiancée, the Princess Marie Amelie Francoise Helene d'Orleans, was born at Ham, in England, on January 13th, 1865, and is therefore just twenty. The Prince and Princess, it is stated, first met during the Duke's tour in Northern Europe last year, when he visited Copenhagen. The betrothal was announced last month at a family dinner at Grunden, and the ceremony is to be formally celebrated on October 22d, in France. There will be a family reunion on the occasion, as the Czar and Czarina, the King and Queen of Greece, the Prince and Princess of Wales, and the Duke and Duchess of Cumberland, are expected to be present.

AN ABYSSINIAN LAWSUIT.

The laws of Abyssinia are mainly to be found in the *Fitha Negust*, which is said to be a very bad translation of Justinian. The Abyssinians never make a new law, as with their usual superstition and obstinacy they ascribe to this book a divine or sacred authority. Thus when a case is before the judges they say: "Let us hear what the *Fitha Negust* says"; it is opened solemnly, and the first passage which can be found bearing at all on the subject is read and acted upon, all other considerations being disregarded. Our illustration, from a recent photograph by a traveling photographer from Suakim, represents a couple of disputants arguing before a Ras, or chief. On the occasion of a lawsuit, both parties, accuser and accused, must find security or be chained

during the continuance of the suit, and afterwards the loser must again find security on all the points for which he may be condemned, his antagonist finding a person to be his fellow. Also, according to the importance of the case, he must hand over a certain amount to the judges, who get no other pay beyond the numerous presents which they receive on all hands.

THE CZAR AND CZARINA IN FINLAND.

The outing of the Czar and Czarina of Russia, last month, included a trip to Finland. They went on board the yacht *Derjaga*, and landed at Vyborg, where they were met by the local authorities. The City of Vyborg was handsomely decorated with flags, banners, shields, fir garlands and fir arches. There being but few policemen in Vyborg, the firemen were ordered to perform the duty of special guards. The Finn ladies, in their national costumes, warmly welcomed the Czarina. At Helsingfors, the capital of Finland, the students of the University gave a concert in honor of the Czar. They sang a number of songs, Russian, Finn, Swedish and German. At Wilmanstrand, the furthest point of the Imperial trip, the Finn ladies presented to the Czarina a rowboat of their own make, in which the Czarina graciously consented to be taken for a sail on the lake, the ladies rowing and piloting. At the ball given to the Czar by the Governor-general of Finland, Count Heiden, the Czarina danced with several Finn members of the Diet, an honor which no untitled Russian can dream of. The Autocrat of all the Russias is in Finland but a Grand Duke, whose authority is strictly limited by a Constitution. Finland is governed by a Senate, whose members are elected by the Diet. The Governor-general is appointed by the Czar, and looks to the interests of his august master. Finland has her own laws, tariff, money and postage-stamps, and she is at liberty to make her own commercial treaties with other countries, independently of Russia.

SPAIN AND THE CAROLINE ISLANDS.

Spanish feeling towards Germany has assumed a calmer mood since the populace attacked the Embassy, a month ago, and indulged in such noisy patriotic demonstrations in the streets of Madrid as that portrayed in our illustration. The mob on this occasion, which numbered probably one hundred thousand persons, assembled on the Prado, and from there flocked to the Ministerial headquarters and to the royal palace, bearing flags and banners, and protesting, with loud cries of "Viva España!" against the alleged German usurpation. At the palace of the Ministerial Council, the crowd called for the hoisting of the national flag. No attention being paid to this demand, and the doors being barred, a number of excited persons managed to climb to the balcony and put out a flag, which the Governor shortly afterwards removed. Meanwhile, a number of persons, including two ex-Ministers, harangued the multitude. The diplomatic correspondence between King Alfonso and the Emperor William, during the past two or three weeks, has materially modified the aspect of affairs. England has also interested herself in the settlement of the question. Meanwhile, the interest of the United States in the disputed territory should not be forgotten. For thirty-three years American missionaries have been doing a most remarkable work at the Caroline Islands. By their efforts thirty churches with twenty-five hundred members, have been established. These are the fruit of self-denying effort, much of it put forth in mission-schools. Our first steam mission-ship, with its freight of gospel aid, is now at Yap, which is just reported to be covered by Spanish guns and invaded from German gunboats. Our missionaries have never found any Jesuit missions. They have never known of any Spanish flag, or any claim for the sovereignty of Spain. There are a few German traders among the scattered islands, the population of which does not exceed 100,000. Americans have carried to these islands education, morality and the Christian religion. The government of the native chiefs under missionary influence has preserved peace. There is not the slightest pretext for foreign armed interference. Another of our illustrations shows the rather picturesque house of the king, on the Island of Yap—a comfortable-looking, high-peaked dwelling, cunningly built of bamboo and thatch. The Caroline Islands, which are scattered over a space of more than two thousand miles, are mostly formed by circular reefs of coral, surrounding lagoons, probably craters at the summit of submarine volcanoes, which are called "atolls"; but some of the islands, such as Yap, are large and rocky. They produce the bread-fruit tree, sweet potato, the cocoa-nut, the plantain, sugar-cane, and several other articles of food, besides the useful bamboo. The people, who are mostly of the brown Polynesian race, tattoo themselves, and wear ornaments of shell or flowers stuck in the holes they pierce in their noses and ears; they are much addicted to chewing betel. One extraordinary thing among them is the use of large round slabs of stone, with a hole made in the centre, as a substitute for money.

SHEEP-DOG TRIALS AT COBAR, AUSTRALIA.

The value of a thoroughly well-trained and intelligent sheep-dog on the wide plains of North-west Australia, or, indeed, anywhere in a country possessing, as that continent does, flocks consisting in the aggregate of many millions, can scarcely be over-estimated. In promoting annual trials of these intelligent animals, the Cobar Association has done and is doing excellent work. It is laying the foundation for the production of a breed of sheep-dogs of the highest order of canine merit. In offering prizes for the most skillful in yarding and managing sheep at the word of command, it offers an incentive for the most careful and patient training and the development of the natural sagacity of the peculiar breed of dogs selected for this purpose. We give an illustration of a recent trial of the dogs.

RUSSIAN ENTERPRISES.

The Russian Government has decided to transfer the administration of the Black Sea fleet from Nicolaieff to Sebastopol. The harbor at the latter place is being much enlarged, and immense forts and other works of defense are being constructed around its approaches. The Czar is also organizing a new fleet to be stationed at Batoum, on the east coast of the Black Sea. This little town is being rapidly enlarged, because of its strategic importance as the central point of the Russian defenses of the east coast of the Black Sea.

Russia's railroad from the Caspian Sea to Samarkand, and her projected line through Bokhara, connecting Samarkand with the Oxus, are not the only large enterprises she has now on foot in Central Asia. Letters from Samarkand announce that Russia is about to build a new city on the

right bank of the Oxus. Houses will be built for Russian colonists, who will receive Government aid until they can be self-supporting. The town will be opposite Balkh, the large Afghanistan town which now controls most of the commerce between India and Central Asia. Russia expects to attract this trade to her new town. It will be called Iskenderich, and Russian steamers on the Oxus, it is said, will make frequent trips to the place.

THE ARTS AND SCIENCES.

A CAST of the lion statuette found at Marash, Asia Minor, has been given to the British Museum. On the breast is an inscription in the obscure alphabet which Mr. Wright and Professor Sayce attribute to the vanished empire of the Hittites. It contains important additions to the texts so far discovered.

THE Saratoga Monument will have a statue of General Schuyler, by W. R. O'Donnovan, and statues of Generals Gates and Montgomery, by Messrs. Russell and Doyle. A vacant place will mark the spot where the statue of Benedict Arnold would have stood had he not made his notable error in reading the political sky of his period.

A FRENCH chemist has made the alarming discovery that, by the treatment of corpses to baths of certain metals in solution, the body can be made more perennial than brass, and that hereafter a realistic age will be able to do without the statue of a great man, because it can set up the great man himself, solidified into gold, silver, copper, or other metal.

CROISY's group of soldiers and sailors for the base of the pedestal of the monument to General Chanzy at Le Mans is a triumph of realism. The faces look like portraits; the dead and dying are under-foot, and the officer with his remaining soldiers are in the extreme of movement. A handsome young sailor looks intently for an aim before raising his chas-e-pot; a quiet man of middle age, with a wound in his head, kneels and reserves his fire; a young recruit is just about to lower his musket for an aim. Cannon, a horse, and a standard borne by a color-sergeant, are in the tumultuous assembly. It carries to an extreme the modern French protest against Greek immobility in sculpture.

THE Chesapeake Zoological Laboratory, as the marine station maintained by the Johns Hopkins University is designated, has held its Summer session at Beaufort, on the coast of North Carolina. Dr. W. K. Brooks, the director, had twelve collaborators with him. Several of these were already teachers in various branches of zoological science, and all of them were well prepared to make use of the opportunities which this station afforded. An unusual number were engaged in original researches. The season of 1885, although uncomfortably hot, was exceptionally favorable for collection. The weather being calmer than heretofore in June and July, specimens were found in June which have usually not appeared until the middle of August. The eighth session of the Laboratory will probably be more fruitful in results than its predecessors, good as they have been.

M. F. H. BROWN, of Fort Worth, has invented an instrument which is likely to revolutionize telephoning. It is merely a magnetic telephone and telegraph without a battery. The transmitter is simply a horseshoe magnet, either pole being covered with fine wire coiled carefully. The armature is a disk of steel against which the voice is thrown, then transmitted through the magnet to the wire. The receiver is similar, but has a smaller magnet. It is claimed by the inventor that he can transmit the voice around the world or across the Atlantic, there being no limit as far as distance is concerned, all that is necessary being the increasing of the size of the magnets. It is stated that in a test over 800 miles of wire the voices were heard as distinctly as they could have been within ordinary speaking distance. A cable test will shortly be made over 5,800 miles of cable, twice the distance across the Atlantic.

MR. W. F. STANLEY has recently brought out a new form of protractor and goniometer, which has the special merit of measuring an angle right up to the vertex. This new form of protractor will be very convenient to civil engineers in measuring angles upon ordnance maps which are most frequently subtended by short lines, and many other cases. Used as a goniometer, it will be very convenient to measure the angles of large crystals and planes of cleavage, also to draw the same direct from the instrument. The instrument consists of two concentric circles, the outer one carrying the graduation, the inner a Vernier; each supports an arm with an edge extending to the centre. The angles are measured by slipping the inner circle with its attached arm and Vernier round the groove on the outer circle, which keeps it in position. The instrument will be useful to artists as well in determining angles of perspective.

DEATH-ROLL OF THE WEEK.

SEPTEMBER 12TH.—In Branford, Conn., Colonel Henry Allen, aged 60 years; in Boston, Captain John Livois, U. S. A., retired, aged 75 years; in Ottawa, Ill., Emory A. Storrs, the well-known lawyer, orator and Republican politician of Chicago, aged 51 years. SEPTEMBER 14TH.—In New York, Patrick C. Quille, a prominent member of various Irish organizations; in Chicago, Ill., Captain Albert E. Goodrich, founder of the Goodrich Transportation Company; at Little Falls, N. Y., the Hon. Arphaxad Loomis, aged 87 years; in Cincinnati, O., Colonel George Ward Nichols, President of the College of Music in that city; in Paris, France, Joseph Beaume, a distinguished French painter, aged 87 years; in Worcester, Mass., Francis H. Kinnicutt, formerly President of the Worcester and Nashua Railroad, aged 73 years. SEPTEMBER 16TH.—In New York, Colonel John W. Stiles, inventor, etc., aged 70 years; in Sing Sing, N. Y., Munson Hawley Treadwell, Assessor and Collector of Internal Revenue in New York during President Grant's Administration, aged 73 years; in Brooklyn, N. Y., James T. Barker, boatswain in the U. S. Navy, aged 44 years. SEPTEMBER 17TH.—In Baltimore, Md., the Right Rev. Henry Champlin Lay, D.D., first Bishop of Easton, Md., aged 62 years; in Charlottesville, Va., Judge Alexander Rives, the oldest judge in Virginia, and a leading Republican politician; in Chicago, Ill., Alfred Wyman, actor, aged 31 years. SEPTEMBER 18TH.—In Rochester, N. Y., Henry Rogers Selden, a well-known lawyer, aged 79 years; in Newark, N. J., ex-Postmaster David Price, aged 80 years; in England, John Campbell Shairp, LL.D., Principal of St. Andrew's, aged 60 years.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

EX-SENATOR WINDOM has settled down at Winona, Minn., there to live.

VICTOR HUGO died worth about \$1,000,000, his royalties last year amounting to \$220,000.

THE resignation of Mr. A. M. Kelley as United States Minister to Austria has been accepted by the State Department.

M. GRÉVY has reconsidered his determination not to accept another term as President of the French Republic. Unless he should be his own successor, M. Brisson, now Premier, will probably be elected.

THE Rev. Moses A. Hopkins, appointed Minister to Liberia, was born a slave. Subsequently he worked as a hotel porter in Pittsburg, devoting all his spare moments to study, and finally prepared himself for college and the ministry.

GENERAL LOGAN's forthcoming book will be entitled, "The Great Conspiracy; Its History and Origin," being a study of the causes which brought on the secession of the South from the Union, dating back to the early days of the Republic.

REV. DR. TALMAGE had a grand welcome home at the Brooklyn Tabernacle on the 15th inst. The Tabernacle was crowded with representative citizens. Henry Ward Beecher and the acting Mayor of the city made addresses of welcome, and there were speeches by others.

MR. GEORGE H. BOUGHTON, the American artist, who is a resident of London, will provide the English art-book of the year. He is working at a series of designs to illustrate Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night." These will be photographed and issued as a "choice" volume later in the year.

THE much-talked-of Mr. Stead, editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, is personally the type of a fanatical reformer, with his hair standing in all directions, his light-blue eyes bloodshot, his face red with ill-suppressed excitement, and his slight frame swaying to and fro, but looking like a brave man.

ARCHDEACON FARRAR arrived at Quebec last week. He will be given a public reception in New York, October 29th, by the National Temperance Society, of which Rev. Dr. Cuyler is president, and by the Episcopal Church Temperance Society, under the presidency of Bishop Henry C. Potter.

WHEN Bismarck made the acquaintance of his present doctor he was sick, and peevishly declined to answer questions. "As you like," said the doctor; "then send for a veterinary surgeon, as such practitioners treat their patients without asking them any questions." The Chancellor was captured.

AT Tacoma, W. T., Bishop Walden (M. E.) was trying to raise \$1,000 to pay off a church-debt. "Why," he exclaimed, "every property-owner here ought to subscribe. If I owned a corner lot in Tacoma, I'd give \$50 myself." "All right, Bishop," said a member of the congregation; "give your \$50, and call at my office to-morrow morning for the deed of your corner lot." The bargain was carried out.

A VISITOR to John McCullough, in the Bloomingdale Asylum, says that his likeness to his *Virginius* in the mad scene is startling and pitiful. He imagines that he is again acting the part of the deranged Roman. This is shown by his assumption of the poses which he employed on the stage, and his reproduction of the gait, facial expression, and even snatches of the language, of the familiar prison scene.

WALT WHITMAN, the poet, has been presented a horse and phaeton by a number of his admirers, including Whittier, Holmes, Charles Dudley Warren, S. B. Elkins, Mark Twain, and others. The poet was recently in receipt of a considerable sum raised among his English admirers by subscription and without his knowledge. The gift is said to be about \$500 in value, and it was very welcome, coming as it did, when Walt Whitman was in financial embarrassment.

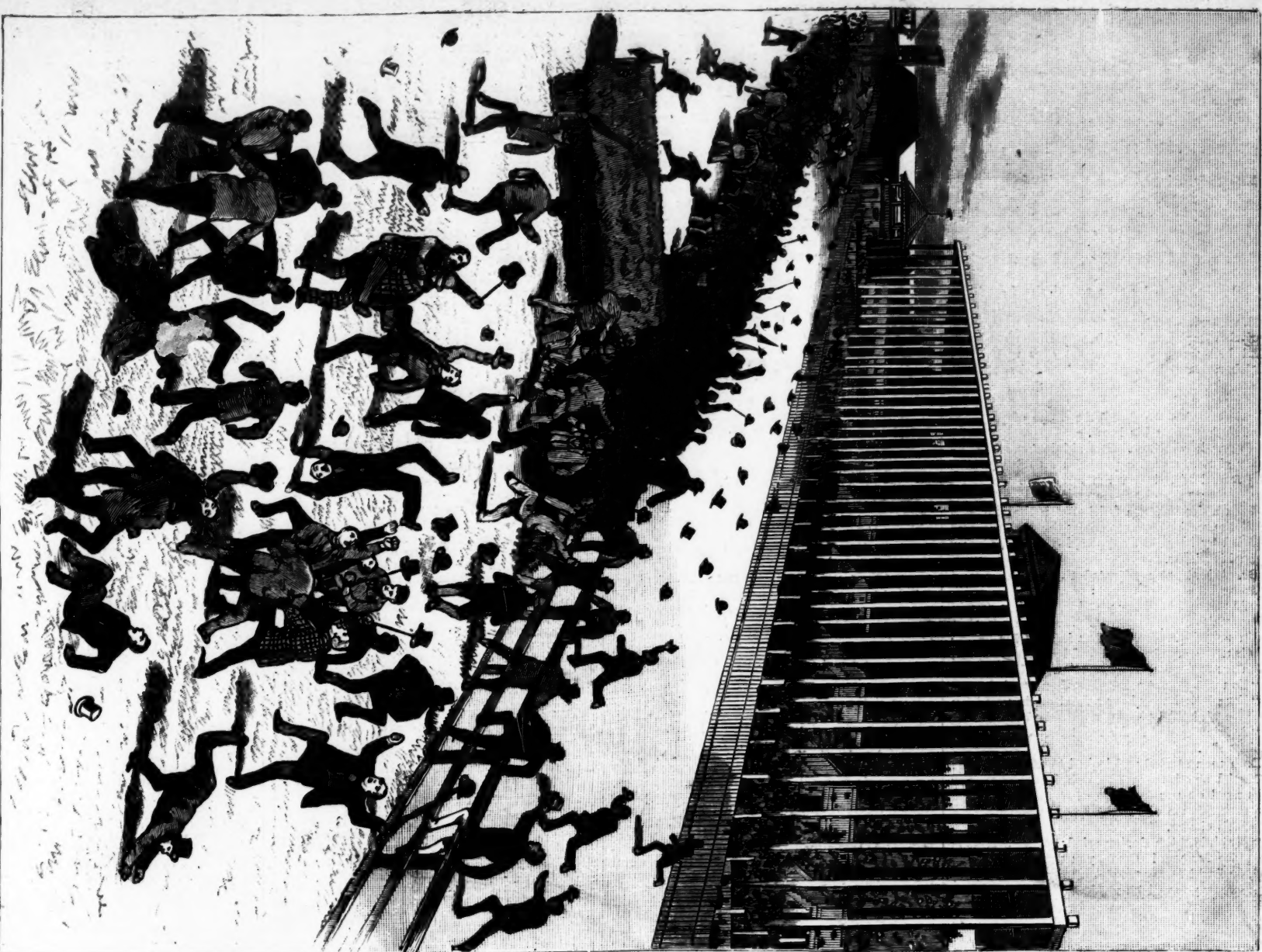
COLONEL JOHN HARE POWELL, the new Mayor of Newport, is widely known as a gentleman of family, wealth and culture. He was elected to this office by the determined efforts of citizens, who resolved to elect the best man, irrespective of party or former political affiliations. Colonel Powell is a military man, is broad in his views, and will recognize that Newport is a unique city, and that its support comes from Summer residents, whose comfort and wishes are to be respected.

MISS NELLIE DEAN, the daughter of a millionaire lumber merchant of Chicago, has created a sensation by going to work as a factory-girl in a spinning-mill at Rockford, for a salary of sixty cents a day. In a bantering way her father told her he would give her a dollar for every cent she would earn. She saw in this her opportunity, and found work in the mill. If her father keeps the agreement, her salary of sixty cents will grow to \$60.60 a day, a figure which makes her the envy of all her associates. She says she will stick to her employment.

HENRI ROCHEFORT, the aristocratic radical of Paris, has a head and body unlike any other head or body in the capital. The body, long, ungainly, loosely hung together. The head, so marvelously like a skull, with a pantaloons tuft of rebellious hair always tumbling over the front of it. Rocheford hates a crowd. He shrinks from riot. Yet fate has thrust him into the foremost ranks of the mobocracy. During the Empire he was underservedly chaffed because at the memorial funeral of Victor Noir his excitement took such a hold of him that he fainted. As a matter of fact, he is the very reverse of a coward. In his duels he is reckless to a degree—thrusts, parries and cuts at random, and exposes his life six times as much as he need do. But he cannot control his nerves.

THE late Emory A. Storrs, of Chicago, had from various sources an income of not less than \$30,000 a year, yet he spent it all. He led the life of a gentleman of elegant ease, if not leisure. He was fond of pictures, *bric-a-brac* and the theatre. He gave Henry Irving a supper that was celebrated. When Lord Coleridge visited this country, two years ago, Mr. Storrs got up an elaborate dinner for him in Chicago; but just as the guests were about to partake of the feast the sheriff arrived, and attached the viands and the wine for an unpaid tailor's bill, or a similar outstanding account, that Mr. Storrs had neglected to settle. It is said that a hungry crowd passed the hat, however, and saved Mr. Storrs the discomfort of dismissing his company without their supper. Mr. Storrs was well known and popular as a lecturer, his discourses on "Culture," "English Constitution," "Patriotism," "Men of Action," and "Municipal Government," having given him a national reputation in that field.

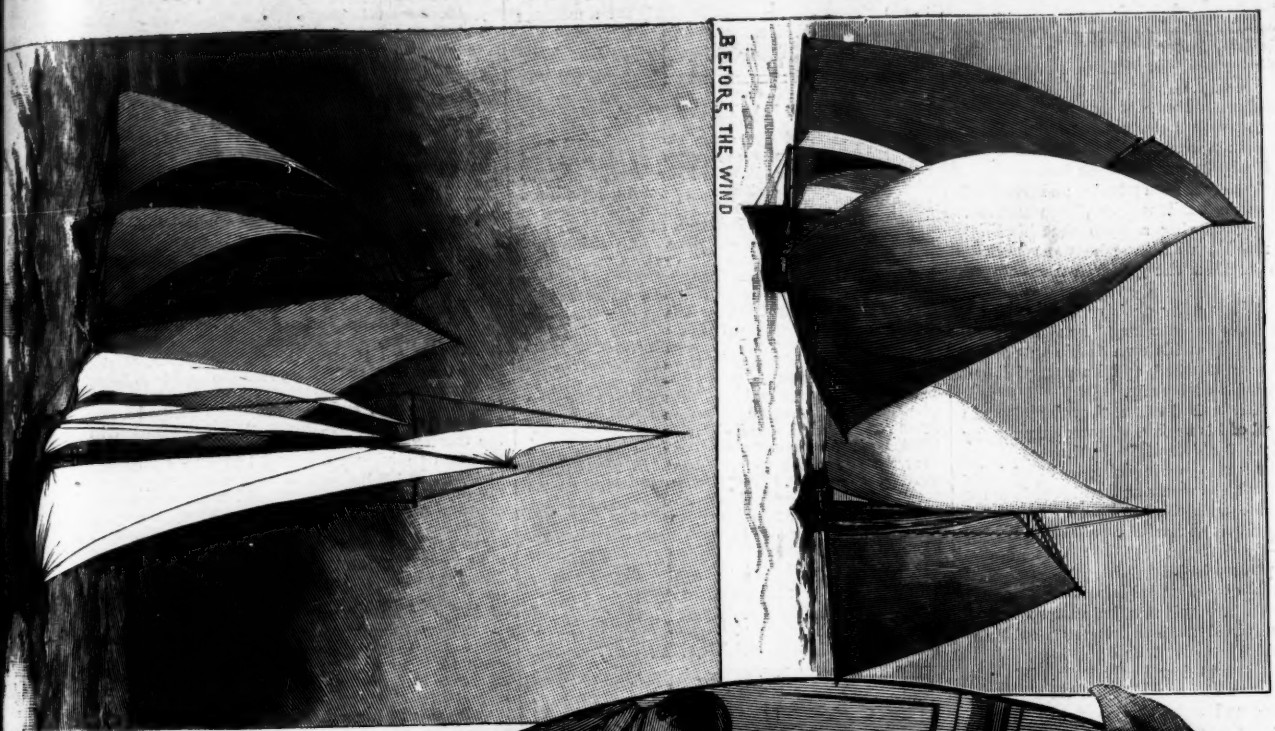
THE "FURITAN" PASSED THE LIGHTSHIP, SEPTEMBER 16TH.
FROM A SKETCH BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 91.



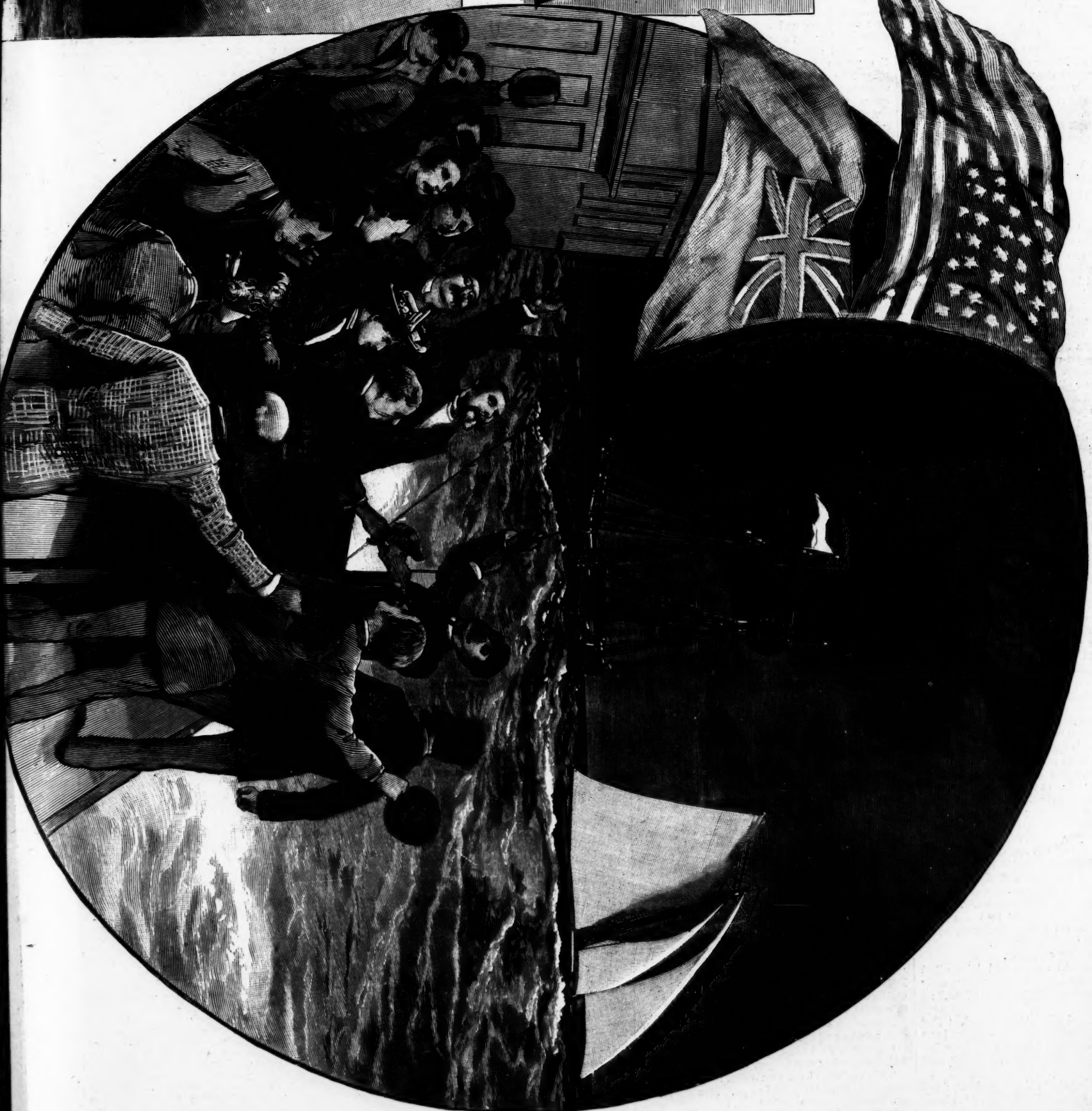
NEW YORK.—THE GREAT RACE OF THE SEASON AT BRIGHTON BEACH, SEPTEMBER 14TH.
FREELAND BEATING MISS WOODFORD—EXTRAORDINARY SCENE AT THE FINISH.
FROM A SKETCH BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 90.



A DAY WITH VOLUNTEER FIREMEN.—HAND-ENGINE COMPETITION IN WATER-THROWING.
"LET HER GO!"
FROM A SKETCH BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 90.



BEFORE THE WIND



THE "PURITAN" PASSED THE "SIRIUS" AS THE AMERICAN FLAG ON THE STEAMBOAT "SIRIUS" AS

SONG.

IF Fate mete out full measure,
Of dole for our love's gain,
Be yours, dear, all the pleasure,
Be mine, love, all the pain.

If Fate for aye disposes
To pierce what he adorns,
Be yours, dear, all the roses,
Be mine, love, all the thorns.

While Fate shall deem it fitter
That sweet and bitter meet,
Be mine, dear, all the bitter,
Be yours, love, all the sweet.

A. L. CARLTON.

The Princess Ermenzarde; OR, The Begum's Bracelet.

By M. T. CALDOR.

CHAPTER XIX.

MAJOR STEELE received a note from Madame De Leivenéz, that was quite enough to rouse that not particularly nervous gentleman into a state of half-delirious rapture. Yet it simply contained these lines, and the date of that morning when she set forth for Cedarswold:

"I am about to make the promised visit to Cedarswold. Miss Poindexter's carriage has just passed, and mine is waiting. Come immediately on receipt of this to my rooms, and bring with you the draft you promised. Wait until I come—and you may go back that very hour, if you choose, as the master."

LOUISE DE LEIVENÉZ.

Scarcely two hours after Madame's carriage had departed, that of Major Steele appeared at her door, and the major descended and entered.

He was evidently expected, for the girl promptly led him to the little sitting-room, which led out of her bedchamber.

It was furnished freshly. Wherever she went the surroundings must be of the kind to suit her luxurious and fastidious tastes. No inharmonious tints to make her complexion look sallow or muddy. No awkward shapes, no uncouth textures, were allowed in Madame's vicinity.

"You were to be kind enough to wait," said the girl.

And she pushed towards him a tray with wine-bottles and glasses upon it, and a basket of fruit.

"If you wish anything, please to ring loudly, for I shall be up-stairs packing Madame's trunks. She says we shall leave to-morrow for Italy." And the doctor has given his permission."

The major nodded briskly. He put a gold piece into the girl's hands.

"Don't disturb me, my dear; leave us alone," and sat down by a window, from which he could get the first glimpse of Madame's returning carriage.

There was a new glitter in his eye, and a small red spot of excitement on either sallow cheek.

He sat bolt upright, for once forgetting all thought of his bodily comfort.

Repeatedly he drew out his watch, and glanced inquiringly and impatiently upon its face.

"How confoundedly long women can make these calls of theirs!" he muttered, angrily.

And then he rose up, and began walking up and down the room.

Presently he became aware that his heart was beating with unwonted throbs—that his breath came hurriedly.

He drew himself up promptly.

"This will never do. I shall waste years of service from nerve and muscle in these few hours if I do not have a care," he said to himself, and was angry to discover that, in his excitement at leaving to obey Madame's summons, he had forgotten to take his inseparable companions, the boxes of pellets and powders.

He sat down in the easy-chair, in which Madame's French novel was still lying, and tried to calm himself into quiet.

But the effort was quite in vain. Wild visions were dancing before his eyes. Strange voices sounded in his ears.

Beautiful and stately Cedarswold's fair domains spread themselves before his vision. A gleeful and yet mocking voice said over and over again:

"At last, at last you are to be its master! Madame Louise has found the proofs. You shall triumph over the haughty Ermenzarde at last!"

A genuine fit of coughing took possession of him. He tried the wine—water—a few grapes. All in vain. The very tension of his nerves insured the recurrence of the spasm.

In a panic of alarm, the major tiptoed to the door leading out of the suite, and closed it fast. Then he looked about him, and discovering an open window, he lowered that noiselessly.

After this, he stepped boldly into the bedroom, and looked about him. He found, as he expected, a tray of medicine-bottles.

He looked them over carefully.

"A sleeping-draught that would take effect with a delicate creature like Louise would simply calm and tranquilize this fever in my blood," he said to himself.

And when he found what was labeled, "For sleep—dose one teaspoon," he hastily poured out two spoonfuls, and carrying it back to the other room, added a little water from the *carafe*, and drank it.

Then he sat down again in the easy-chair, fixed himself in a comfortable position, leaned his head back, and closed his eyes.

"A wise man am I," said he, chuckling over his own painstaking. "I will get every possible service out of this poor weak frame of mine! I will waste no nervous energy—no vital force. I will reign long and proudly yet at Cedarswold."

He closed his eyes, but his ears were on alert

service. Once he started up, and was going to the window, but the wheels which had made a moment's pause rolled on again.

Sleep was long in coming, but he grew cold and shivery. He looked around him for a shawl, and found a costly cashmere of Madame De Leivenéz's trailing from a high-backed chair.

He remembered a little apparatus of Madame's which belonged to her sick-room outfit. A tiny silver cup set in a bronze rim which fitted over a gas-jet. He had seen it by the table.

"I have taken cold, I am positive; a little warm drink would be an excellent thing," he muttered.

And rising, wondering a little that his limbs seemed so numb and heavy, he went back to the bedroom, lighted the gas, and fitted on the apparatus.

"One must look after one's self, especially if the mistress stays away so long," he soliloquized, with a faint laugh at his own feeble witticism.

The water soon warmed, and he poured it out and added a dash of brandy.

But the potion he had taken, though so long in getting control of his nerves, was working rapidly when once it had obtained its hold.

His faculties were growing confused and helpless. He turned the screw and extinguished the gas; then made a desperate effort to remember whether he had turned it off, and turned it about, once, twice—three times. By that time all discriminating powers had left him. He staggered to the nearest chair, and sank back, yawning desperately. In five minutes he was so sound asleep that a pistol fired at his ear would not have roused him.

The gas was left to flow freely forth. His own hands had closed doors and windows securely. His own voice had ordered the girl to refrain from visiting the apartments.

His own ever-assiduous care had seized upon the potion from Madame's powerfully strong opiate, to make sure that no injurious effects should result from this extraordinary excitement over the grand victory he saw so close to his hand. And so to ways we know not of are our own acts often turned.

When the frightened maid came to tell the sad tidings of Madame De Leivenéz's terrible illness at Cedarswold, she found the room thick and stifling with nauseous fumes of gas. She rushed to open all the windows, leaning out the while to recover from the deadly qualms that seized her lungs. Her call brought assistance, and the in-pouring of the blessed purity of the outer atmosphere allowed prompt examination of the rooms.

Not, however, to be of any avail to Marcus Steele. Doctors, and powders, and pellets, and all the assiduous care in the world, were of little account. The weak lungs, the drugged, torpid blood, had succumbed long before.

The heir-at-law of Cedarswold, as he had delighted to term himself, would in no wise interfere with the new *régime* that was opening there. Will or no will, codicil discovered or for ever lost—it was of little account. And the knowledge of Ralph Poindexter's secret shame, whatever it was, died with him. A messenger was promptly dispatched to Cedarswold when the bevy of physicians, who had been summoned to the consultation, declared the hopeless verdict.

Miss Poindexter had come forth from the grand drawing-room just before, and Sir Robert Bentthorne had gone his way. The servants were human, and they loved their mistress—all of them. They could not help the eager glance at her face when she came forth from that prolonged interview.

But they saw only a still gravity and a great peace in her eyes.

She went to the library first of all.

"I had forgotten—I had forgotten her entirely," was her inward thought; "but if she is alive, and can understand, I will say to her: 'I bear you no malice. I, who am so lovingly forgiven myself, forgive all my debtors.'"

Philip met her at the threshold.

"The patient is as helpless as a babe, but the spasms have ceased, and we cannot tell if she is conscious of anything. What is to be done with her?"

"She is to be carried up to her old chamber, and the best nurses we can find are to care for her," said Miss Poindexter, solemnly. "I came to say it. Where is the physician? Let me speak with him."

"Oh, you are very generous!" said Philip, admiringly.

"I forgive her freely. My precious paper is found, and I forgive her—I forgive every one—yes, even Major Steele, Philip. I think I could take even his hand in friendliness to-night."

How soon they were to recall the speech! The melancholy story came to them in less than an hour after.

Ermenzarde Poindexter's proud eyes overflowed, and the tears poured down her cheeks all the while she was listening to it.

"Oh, I am thankful!—how thankful I am that I forgave him before I knew!" she cried. "Now is the last obstacle removed," she added, softly.

"Uncle Ralph's secret is hidden away under Death's solemn silence. And I am free, and Cedarswold is safe! Heaven help me to deserve this great joy which has come unto me!"

That night she knelt so long in prayer, with such a sweet and solemn peace upon her face, that old Lisbet stole to her side, and, when she rose, laid a trembling hand upon her shoulder.

"Oh, my bairn! my own bairn! it is but one little word old Lisbet asks of ye. Has the cloud lifted?—is the curse fled?"

"The cloud has lifted!" she answered, solemnly.

"The Lord be praised for this mercy, Lisbet! we may all be happy now!"

Lisbet caught her mistress by the hand, and covered it with mingled tears and kisses.

"Now can I die in peace!" she sobbed.

"Ah, Lisbet, live, rather—live in grateful ser-

vice to the Heaven which has vouchsafed deliverance from our sin and sorrow!" faltered Ermenzarde Poindexter, leaning tenderly for a moment on that faithful shoulder.

THE END.

CONTRASTS AFLOAT.

EVERYWHERE the same sharply drawn contrasts of luxury and poverty, idleness and toil! Both classes have grown accustomed to their respective lots. The rich do not sympathize, the poor do not complain. Each takes passive part in the shifting panorama of life, while the observer looks and muses. The scene which furnishes the subject of our illustration was found by our artist amongst the picturesque interior water-ways of New Jersey, where great canals traverse the sandy flats, and tiny lakes lie like jewels in settings of wooded hills. The pleasure-barge and the canalboat pass each other on these aquatic thoroughfares, and the occupants regard each other curiously. The well-equipped merry-makers, it seems, are thoughtless enough to make display of their festivities before the eyes of the somewhat squalid canal-boaters, who, perhaps, have been for weeks traveling at a sloth's pace over a route which the railway train would have covered in a day. But if man's gifts are thus unequally distributed, nature at least is generous and impartial; and the beautiful September weather does not withhold its sunniest smiles from the poor voyagers as they creep slowly along the tortuous and sleepy course of the canal.

THE SOUTHERN EXPOSITION AT LOUISVILLE, KY.

THE City of Louisville, Ky., is just now a focus of popular interest, being daily filled with visitors from all parts of the country attending the Southern Exposition, which is in progress in that city. The Exposition was opened August 15th, and will close October 24th. There are exhibits from every State and Territory in the Union, and also from Russia, France, England, Germany, Italy, Austria, Mexico, China, Japan and other foreign countries. Damrosch's Grand Orchestra, and Cappa's famous New York Seventh Regiment Military Band, furnish the music, while a magnificent Art Gallery and splendid fireworks complete the list of the attractions.

The Louisville Exposition is no common affair. It was originated upon a grand scale, and has been carried out upon that plan. The main building is 920x630, which makes it the largest structure in the United States, with but one exception, devoted to exposition purposes. All its arrangements and accommodations are of the most elaborate and complete character, and the moment a visitor enters the great building, he is met by a most bewildering display of everything in art and nature. But the least of the attractions is the great throng of people from one end of the country to the other, earnest in inspecting the interesting sights to be seen on every hand.

The location of the building could scarcely be excelled in point of natural attractions. It is but about fifteen minutes' ride by street-car from Main Street. It is reached by two lines, traversing the entire length of the most fashionable avenues in the city. This short trip is of itself a most enjoyable treat, especially to a stranger. The Art Gallery is situated in the park, immediately adjoining the main building, and is an exhibit of conspicuous interest. To view the Exposition properly—to take in all its vast proportions and study the products there presented—at least one or two full days are required; but these cannot fail to be days of pleasure and profit to all who have any appreciation of the wonders of man's ingenuity.

The City of Louisville deserves great credit for the inauguration of such a mammoth exhibition. It is an enterprise entirely its own. No aid has been sought from any source whatever outside the limits of that city, and yet six hundred thousand dollars have been invested in the building, grounds and furnishings. No great profits were sought or expected, nor was there any purpose in view except that of the public good. It was determined to inaugurate a new era in the business, life and action of the people of the South, and especially in Kentucky, and this was the method chosen to effect it. The public-spirited citizens of Louisville who laid down their thousands of dollars to advance the prosperity of their city and State have already realized handsomely upon the investment. They have seen in their midst strangers from far and near, who have marveled at the growth of the city, and could scarcely realize that it has come up to such a high standard of latter-day progress; but seeing is believing, and they now more clearly than ever understand and appreciate its commercial supremacy.

Kentucky stands first in its blooded horses, its production of whisky and in its growth of tobacco, and now it has gained the first place in industrial exhibitions. These honors were not easily won, but are clearly the result of intelligent application. While the climate favors tobacco, yet there are no climatic influences which prompt the indulgence of great intellectual displays of the wonders in art and nature. That comes from the ability of the people to grapple with the problems of the times in which they live and from their generous impulse to do something for the public good.

Louisville is not only expanding in population, but also in its industrial and commercial relations. These are gradually widening, and the volume of increase is perceptible on every hand. Its plows and engines and iron pipe, and textile fabrics and furniture and soap, are keeping pace with its beer, whisky and tobacco. New lines of railroad are reaching out in every direction, bringing in additional territory in which its goods may find a market.

Some of the largest wholesale houses in the United States are located in Louisville. This is especially so in the lines of drygoods, groceries, boots and shoes, notions and drugs; and if a correct estimate of their annual sales could be made, it would alarm their neighbors in Cincinnati and St. Louis. Louisville is a Southern city, not only in its geographical location, but in its sentiment and feeling; and it must, of necessity, have more cordial and intimate social and business relations with the people of the South than Cincinnati, Indianapolis or Chicago. All things being equal, Southern merchants would prefer to buy their goods in Louisville than in any city north of the Ohio River, and that one fact will have more influence in determining the future of the city than anything else.

The Board of Trade is a great power in furthering the interests of the city. The most watchful care is exercised over all affairs of a municipal or commercial character, and everything that can

be done to promote the prosperity of Louisville is vigorously applied.

The great tobacco celebration on the 17th inst. marked an epoch in the history of the business of the city. It commemorated the sale by Louisville of one hundred thousand hogheads of tobacco thus far this season, which is double that of the sales in Cincinnati, and over five times as large as those at St. Louis, and was the grandest industrial and commercial parade ever held in the South. While the various commercial interests were represented, the tobacco interest was given the post of honor, and its displays occupied three out of the procession of eight miles. The streets were crowded from early morn, and it being a holiday, the city was handsomely and elaborately decorated. Fully 50,000 visitors witnessed the procession, which was headed by the Police and Fire Departments. There were many very picturesque displays in the parade, and large quantities of tobacco of all grades and qualities were hanging from the different wagons. White burley, Virginia wrapper, the celebrated Hart County yellow prior, Green River dark leaf, the heavy, rich long tobacco from Christian and other Southern counties, blue prior, Clarksville leaf, and every other quality known and used by manufacturers, were represented in the display. The tobacco-men not only had separate and individual displays, but they all united in preparing a number of huge floats, representing tobacco in all stages of cultivation and manufacture. Among the prominent, was an immense decorated platform, with designs intended to represent the whole tobacco trade. Another was a panorama representing Columbus discovering America; another, Sir Walter Raleigh presenting the Queen of England, surrounded by five maids of honor, with a leaf of tobacco; another was a realistic tobacco-plantation scene. Following the tobacco floats came nine other long divisions in the parade, representing various other interests and industries, and these were equally interesting and attractive. The procession was four hours passing a given point. It ended at the Exposition, where the largest crowd ever in the building was assembled. Damrosch's Orchestra played a tobacco programme. Several speeches congratulatory to the trade of Louisville were made, and the hoghead of fine burley tobacco selected as the one hundred thousandth hoghead was sold at auction. The hoghead weighed 1,190 pounds net, and brought \$2,023, or \$1.70 per pound, the highest sum ever received for a hoghead.

The people of Louisville have cause, also, to be proud of its Press, as well as of its industrial development. The newspapers are all up with the times, and are progressive and enterprising. They do not lag behind or permit rivals to come in and occupy their field. There is no more widely known newspaper in the country than the *Courier-Journal*.

FIREMEN'S TOURNAMENTS.

FIREMEN'S tournaments of more than ordinary interest have recently taken place in several Northern and Southern States. At most of these tournaments there have been displays of skill and agility by volunteer firemen which awakened the heartiest enthusiasm among throngs of spectators. The feats have principally consisted in hose-laying, ladder-mounting, and water-throwing from hand-engines. At Jamaica, L. I., some days ago, on the occasion of a parade and tournament of the Fire Departments of Queens and Suffolk Counties, there were some remarkable performances in these three branches of the service. Some 1,500 firemen in all participated in the festival, and thousands of visitors shared in the enjoyment of the day. In the hose-laying contest, which was a feature of the occasion, each company was allowed eighteen men; to use either a two or a four wheeled cart, capable of carrying 500 feet of hose; and was required to run 200 yards, lay 300 feet of hose, break coupling, and put on a pipe. The street on which the racing occurred was packed on either side by partisans of the contestants, including many old firemen of New York and other cities, all bedecked with bouquets, and many wearing their firemen's toggery. When the contestants started on their race, the excitement became intense, the spectators shouting and cheering wildly, and the participants themselves being excited to the highest pitch. In their eagerness to distance their competitors, some of the racers passed over the 200-yard mark, so that a hiatus was left between it and the end of their hose; others, however, were more careful, and in one case there was a display of skill which extorted peals of cheers. In this case, the man at the end of the last section of hose, on reaching the 200-yard mark, threw himself prostrate on the hose and so held it with a tremendous grip against the momentum of those in advance—keeping it securely in place, and winning for his company the first prize of the day.

In the ladder-race the companies were required to run 300 yards, and raise a 25-foot ladder against a building, in front of which a platform had been raised for the purpose. There were two entries, and the contest was no less exciting than that which preceded it. Reaching the 300-foot line, a ladder was torn in a flash from the truck, placed on the platform and raised against the building, one member of one of the companies actually climbing it on the under side while it was being raised, and then, suddenly twisting himself to the upper side, touching the top rung almost as soon as the ladder was raised in its position. In the hand-engine contest, *Protection*, of Jamaica, won the first prize, throwing a stream 167 feet. Contests of this character have a real value, in the stimulus which they give to the ambition, and the development they afford to the skill, of firemen, and they should be everywhere encouraged, under proper restraints, by the public whose interests they are calculated to serve.

FREELAND'S VICTORY AT BRIGHTON BEACH.

ON Monday of last week a crowd of people numbering probably not less than 10,000 witnessed the special race at Brighton Beach, in which the contestants were six fast and famous horses, namely: the Dwyer Brothers' pair, the mare Miss Woodford and the colt Richmond; Corrigan's pair, the gelding Freeland and the filly Modesty; Pate's gelding Monogram, and Morris Patton's colt Bersan. To the astonishment of Miss Woodford's owners, friends and admirers, Freeland, ridden by the colored jockey Murphy, won easily in 1:41½, leaving Miss Woodford three lengths and the others twice as far behind. This feat aroused an enthusiasm which certainly has not been equaled since Miss Woodford won her victory at Monmouth Park last August. A frenzy of shouting, yelling, whistling,

hat-throwing and handkerchief-waving seized the multitude, and did not subside for five minutes. Our artist has seized upon the exciting moment of the finish, and portrayed the scene with animation and truth.

THE "PURITAN'S" VICTORY.

TWO races sufficed to decide the question of superiority between the two representative yachts—the English cutter *Genesta* and the American sloop *Puritan*. The international challenge cup so gallantly won by the *America* in English waters in 1851 has been as gallantly defended on our own seas in 1885, and the trophy remains in the United States.

On Monday, the 14th inst., the yachts sailed their first successful race, the course being the regular one of the New York Yacht Club—from Bay Ridge, out past Sandy Hook, to the Sandy Hook Lightship and return, a distance of a little less than forty statute miles. It was undeniably *Puritan* weather, the breeze at times falling almost to a calm, and never rising to more than a light wind. The yachts, however, got off together at 10:32, the Yankee sloop skimming to the windward as usual. Both yachts sailed over the same ground, fighting the race tack by tack. The *Puritan* kept ahead all the way, gradually increasing her lead, and making the finish at 4:36. The *Genesta* crossed the line about sixteen minutes later, a mile astern. The *Puritan* allowed the *Genesta* twenty-eight seconds over the thirty-eight mile course, for the difference in their measurements, which is 80-100 of a foot of sailing length.

The second and final race, on Wednesday, the 16th inst., was much more exciting than the first. The entire course was over the open sea—from the Scotland Lightship, twenty miles to leeward and back. To the satisfaction of every one, there was a fresh wind and plunging sea from the start. In fact, the weather was all that the *Genesta's* friends had asked for. A fine squadron of excursion boats and pleasure yachts went down the Bay to witness what proved to be one of the most superb races ever sailed in New York waters.

The beautiful racers bounded off before the wind at 11:05, and the *Genesta* had the lead before the Sandy Hook Lightship was passed. The yachts ran straight before the wind for twenty miles, to the "outer mark," or turning-point. The race was very exciting, and at times British stock rose very high. The *Genesta* failed to keep all she had gained, yet she contrived to round the mark two minutes ahead of her competitor, at 1:05 P. M. The wind had now changed, so that it was not a dead beat back, and the race home to the judges' boat was accomplished in two tacks, technically called a "short leg" and a "long leg." The stiff breeze, which had increased to nearly twenty-eight miles an hour, suited the *Genesta* well; yet by half-past two the *Puritan*, with topmast hauled, had the cutter a good half-mile astern. Both yachts came down to the finish in magnificent style, the cutter making a gallant fight for it. But the *Puritan* swept over the goal—a winner! She had but little to spare, however, for the *Genesta* flew over close in her wake, sharing with her the grand outburst of guns, whistles, cheers and flags which greeted the finish of the pluckily contested race. Up went the American flag over the English on the judges' boat, and by this sign the *Puritan* had conquered. She finished at 4:09.15, beating the *Genesta* only one minute and thirty-eight seconds by the corrected time.

VICTOR HUGO'S ONLY SUPERSTITION: THE NUMBER THIRTEEN.

THE *London Daily News* says: "Victor Hugo confessed to the possession of only one superstition. Nothing could induce him to form one of thirteen at table. Whenever a thirteenth arrived at the last moment it was M. Lesclide's business to pick up his hat and depart. The vitality of this hoary superstition, which no doubt originally grew out of the story of the Last Supper and of the tragic events which so quickly followed it, is remarkable. Any one who takes the trouble to refer to the accepted tables may see for himself what is really the expectation of human life. It will be found that, in order to obtain a mathematical probability that one out of a given thirteen healthy persons will expire during the following twelve months, the average age of the thirteen must, in default of the presence of one or two on the verge of centenarianism, be very great indeed. It must, in fact, be about eighty-eight years; and it is scarcely necessary to say that, in practice, the united years of a festive party of thirteen never amount to the requisite 1,144. The annual rate of mortality amongst males and females of all ages is only one in forty-one; forty-one, therefore, instead of thirteen, should be held to be the unlucky number. This has been demonstrated over and over again; yet the number thirteen still remains ominous to thousands of excellent people in all classes of life.

"In Paris there are streets in which 12 bis does duty instead of 13; and the householders who thus ingeniously sought to circumvent fate would not for the world let the proper number be painted upon their doors. Some years ago Prince Napoleon tried to laugh his countrymen out of the superstition; but his efforts did not benefit his cause, for, with characteristic perversity, he used to invite twelve friends to carouse with him on Good Friday, whereby he gravely scandalized all right-feeling people, whatever their theological views.

"In America similar but less aggressive attempts have been made to correct popular error, and many Thirteen Clubs have been established, the members pledging themselves to dine thirteen at table on every opportunity. In France, too, there is a Thirteen Club, the headquarters of which are at Senlis; and even here, in England, there is a little coterie of thirteen men who dine together monthly at a house numbered thirteen, and pay thirteen shillings each for their dinner and thirteen pence each to the waiters. Yet still the superstition is as lively as of yore all over Europe and America, and probably it will continue to flourish and to make people uncomfortable until the end of time. There are, in all likelihood, men and women who are even now undergoing twelve months' vague uneasiness because the present year of grace, 1885, happens to be a multiple of thirteen.

QUEER INDIAN NAMES.

THERE are some odd names on the pay-rolls of the Indian Affairs Office. The captain of police at the Blackfeet Agency, Montana, is White-Calf. Other members of his tribe sign the following names to the pay-rolls: Running-Crane, sergeant, Wolf-Coming-up-Hill, Fancy-Jim, Mad-Plume, Painted-Wings, Yellow-Wolf, and Thin-Robe-

Inside-Out. At the Cheyenne and Arapahoe Agency, Indian Territory, are Medicine-Pipe, Bear-Lariat, Black-Coyote, Bear-Climbing-up-Hill, Coming-Horseback, Bobtail-Bull, Hallooing-in-Night, Walking-Out, One-Eye-Bull, Tall-Sun, High-Black-Wolf. At the Cheyenne River Agency, Dakota, are Afraid-of-Nothing, Fish-Gut, Beaver-Arm, Necklace, Loose-Dirt, and Ccon. At the Crow Creek Agency, Dakota, are Brother-of-All, Ocote, and Fire-Cloud. Among the Devil's Lake Indians are He-ha-ha-mouza, Eam-pe-ha-ne-ni, Man-to-ta-ni-na, Hi-ha-can-de-sha, Can-dhe-ska-he-yag-nan-jin, Hu-pa-lu-wa-kan-kan, and Tanta-na-wa-he. At Fort Belknap are Running-Fisher, Red-Whip. At Fort Berthold are Sit-at-Night and Strike-Two. Wraps-his-Tail is at Fort Peck, Montana. At Pine Ridge, Dakota, are No-Relation, Distribution, No-Neck, Kill-a-Million, Man-who-Carries-the-Sword, Walk-under-the-Ground, and Big-Bellied-Sorrel-Horse. Among the Poncas are Fresh-Meat, Make-Cries, and Sit-on-the-Hill. At the Rosebud Agency are Thunder-Hawk and Knock-off-Two. The Southern Utes of Colorado number among their representative men Sa-gap-it-too-goo and Wa-chu-poo-to-que-noo. These mellifluous names are equalled at the Umatilla Agency, in Oregon, where She-wat-i-cow-cow and Took-a-look-i-flourish. At Standing Rock Agency are Crazy-Walking, Maggie-Eagle, Shave-Head and Broken-Head. At the Yankton Agency are John-Gray-Face, Iron-Whip and Beat-the-Drum.

IN A PERSIAN TOWN.

A writer in *London Society* thus describes a town in Persia: "The streets are busy and full as a beehive; such a clatter of tongues, too, that I am quite bewildered at the diversity of sound. Every one talks at the top of his voice, as though the person addressed were deprived of hearing. Vendors of enticing sweetmeats and clarified butter expose their tempting wares. 'Oh, sweet beet-root and onions and carrots have I!' cries the costermonger, displaying his stock-in-trade on the back of his donkey, and seems to drive a brisk trade. Every one appears to be out-of-doors. Beggars appeal to our charity, raising themselves from the heaps upon which they lie basking in the sunshine; if you give them something they are content, but if their prayer is unheeded it is because you are a Christian dog or the son of a burned father, and with alternate vituperations and furtive scratchings they again subside. We wind between long strings of camels; each beast is tied by a cord or iron chain to the back of the one that precedes it. With an unpardonable breach of good manners one pokes his nose familiarly into the carriage. Some of them are fine, handsome beasts, still wearing their winter coats of thick shaggy brown hair; a long fringe of it hangs about the neck; the legs also are covered as far as the knees with soft masses, which look like knickerbockers. What a motley collection it is—various types blend with a confusion of sound. Women bestride manfully their steeds, and a large white jackass, the property of a Sayid, brays a welcome in a voice which for strength, richness, and unlimited compass I have never heard surpassed. In a small square there is a circular platform open to the public, and although it can scarcely be called a public building, it is one of interest to many. It is planned after no particular form of architecture, and is certainly not the creation of an artistic mind. The basement is a sakkoo or platform raised a few feet from the earth, and anything more dismal cannot well be conceived, for this is the execution-ground, the long pole in the centre of which was formerly but too often adorned with a grim and ghastly head. Except in extreme cases the penalty of death has been almost abolished, still from time to time the executioner has an opportunity of reveling in the odiousness of his vocation. The laws of each country, however barbarous, are generally adopted for the good of the respective inhabitants, and the method of executing criminals in civilized countries would produce but little effect upon the very mixed and half-barbaric people who assemble here. The public spectacle acts as a warning to others that punishment will surely follow crime, and doubtless deters many from similar offenses.

"How strongly are comedy and tragedy blended in this life! Dirty, barefooted little children, clad in very short shirts, or even in nature's garb only, are playing, unmindful of the horrid place, making the Persian equivalent for mud pies from the dust which may have been dyed with the blood of a score of malefactors. The road is here so bad with deep ruts, half hidden by piles of mud, that we are forced to advance slowly and with care, for fear of breaking our horses' legs or leaving a portion of the carriage behind us. I have never had such a shaking in all my life; and every time we miss destruction by one of the wheels just skirting a hole instead of going into it, my heart is filled with unexpected satisfaction, although the jerks have nearly dragged my joints apart. After all, happiness is but relative!"

SILK TO BE SPUN IN THE SOUTH.

THE Rev. Samuel R. Lowry, a colored man residing at Huntsville, raises silk, and has invented a machine by which he proposes to manufacture handkerchiefs in Alabama, out of Alabama silk. In a recent talk with the *Birmingham Age*, the colored silk-raiser said: "My plans are to secure a suitable tract of land and a good ribbon and Jacquard loom, with the building of a good cocoonery to raise a million worms at once. I propose to give employment to a class of boys and girls that are now comparatively idle, and teach them a skillful business, which will make them valuable citizens of the city and State. The laborers will be worth from \$1.50 to \$3 per day, with the short apprenticeship of three months on the Jacquard loom, a couple of which I hope to obtain. I will manufacture two dozen silk handkerchiefs and two hundred yards of ribbon daily. I have five hundred mulberry-trees planted. My daughter, in 1875, introduced some cocoons in her school as curiosities. We began to raise them on a small scale, and sent some to the Madison County Fair at Huntsville. We received three premiums. We then experimented three years. The report that the Osage orange leaf would take the place of the white mulberry caused us to try it, and we lost 500,000 cocoons and three years' labor. I sent to France and imported white *morus-alba* seed. I have now between 1,200 and 1,500 trees in all. I raised 200,000 cocoons this year, and have now 250,000 eggs for next season's crop."

DISCOVERY OF THE FIRST MAMMOTH.

A TOONGOOSIAN fisherman named Schumachoff about the year 1799 was proceeding, as is the custom of fishermen in those parts when fishing

proves a failure, along the shores of the Lena in quest of mammoth-tusks, which have been there found in considerable abundance. During his rambles, having gone further than he had done before, he suddenly came face to face with a huge mammoth imbedded in clear ice. This extraordinary sight seems to have filled him with astonishment and awe; for instead of at once profiting by the fortunate discovery, he allowed several years to roll on before he summoned courage to approach it closely, although it was his habit to make stealthy journeys occasionally to the object of his wonder. At length, seeing, it is presumed, the terrible monster made no signs of eating him up, and that its tusks would bring him a considerable sum of money, he allowed the hope of gain to overcome his superstitious scruples. He boldly broke the barrier of ice, chopped off the tusks, and left the carcass to the mercy of the wolves and bears, who, finding it palatable, soon reduced the huge creature to a skeleton. Some two years afterwards a man of science was on the scent, and although so late in at the death, found a huge skeleton with three legs, the eyes still in the orbits, and the brain uninjured in the skull.

FACTS OF INTEREST.

TENNYSON'S new volume of poems will be ready for publication in October.

THERE are 59,996 dogs in Minnesota, whose total value is placed at \$157,375.

THE publishers of General Gordon's Diary have already cleared the \$35,000 they paid for it, and have a handsome margin left.

CHINA has arranged with Berlin and London financial houses for a loan of \$70,000,000, to be used in the construction of railways within the empire.

A FRENCHMAN lately distinguished himself by bequeathing to the Mazarin Library a collection of 3,500 specimens of bad French written by Members of the Academy.

A REPUBLICAN majority at a State Senatorial Convention in Iowa stuck to its candidate through 1,340 ballots, and having succeeded in nominating him, was pleased to have the honor "firmly declined" on account of the doubtfulness of the outlook.

THE trestle bridge of the New Orleans and Northeastern Railroad across Lake Pontchartrain is said to be the longest structure of the kind in the world. It is built of crosstied lumber, and altogether is twenty-one miles long, seven of which are directly across the lake.

AN association for the protection of plants has been started in Geneva, Switzerland. The association intends to prevent botanists, collectors and tourists from digging up all the rare Alpine plants. They will cultivate these plants in nurseries, and sell them so cheap that there will be no temptation to dig up the wild plants.

NUMEROUS GERMAN spies have recently invaded the various fortified places in the eastern part of France. It is stated that a German general and two officers were arrested at Belfort, the capital of the frontier Department of Haut-Rhin, while in the act of making plans of the various fortified positions in the vicinity, and escorted to the frontier.

EXTENSIVE pottery-works have been established at Aiken, S. C. The enterprise is under the direction of several Northern men of capital, with experience elsewhere in the business which they seek to build up in South Carolina, and they are confident of success. The wares manufactured by the new company are already offered for sale, and are highly praised for their strength and beauty. There are vast deposits of white clay or kaolin near Aiken.

THE latest cut-door entertainment at Newport is a "gypsy party." All the ladies and gentlemen appear in the gay costume of the merry Zingara; a gypsy camp is laid out on a lawn, a big fire is built, at which corn, potatoes, etc., are roasted, and there is fortune-telling and dancing on the grass, the evening ending with a dance. The bright color in the costumes is very effective, and the soft tinkle of the tiny bells on the boots of the maidens is very pretty.

THERE are 12,000 children in Chicago in excess of the number who can find room in the public schools. Though the city is spending \$800,000 for the current year in building new school-houses, the increase of scholars keeps ahead of the accommodations. The Board of Education has in consequence been obliged to resort to the half-time system, in order that children who cannot get a whole share of the teaching to which they are entitled may get half a share.

LAST year the Empress of Germany offered a cash prize of \$1,000 and the decoration of the Order of the Red Cross to the successful inventor of a portable field hospital, to be set up at the exhibition now open at Antwerp, Belgium. Mr. William M. Ducker, of Brooklyn, was one of the competitors. He has just received a telegram from Antwerp notifying him that the examiners had found his design to be the best, and he had been awarded the two prizes.

LOVERS of Rome will be glad to learn that it seems probable that a cure has been found for the terrible climate of the Campagna. Some Trappist monks settled in the centre of the fever district, after planting the neighborhood with the eucalyptus tree. They agreed with the Italian Government to plant some thousands of the eucalyptus annually. At first none of the monks could pass a night in their settlement during the Summer months; but for the last ten years they have lived there the whole year round, and few if any of them feel any ill effects.

CARLSBAD is very full this season, and there are many American visitors. The population proper numbers 13,000. Till the year 1852 visitors were welcomed with a flourish of trumpets from the top of the tower of the Town Hall; now they receive a demand on arrival to pay a tax of fifteen florins for the privilege of drinking the waters and listening to the bands which play in the morning. The principal industry of Carlsbad is that of housing, feeding, and curing invalids. Though the place is small, as many as 10,000 strangers can be accommodated at a time. During the season, which begins on the 1st of May and closes on the 1st of October, nearly 30,000 persons spend not less than three weeks in Carlsbad. There is a great industry there in needles and pins, which are hand-made. When Goethe was here in 1808 he sent a pound of pins as a present to his Frau von Stein.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

GIRLS employed in the watch-factory at Waterbury, Conn., get \$1.50 a day.

THE public schools of New York opened last week with 123,000 pupils and 3,200 teachers.

THERE were over 600 cases of smallpox in Montreal last week, with a daily average of thirty-five deaths.

THE sum of \$1,030 has been received from subscribers in England in aid of the Grant Monument Fund.

THE Grand Army of the Republic proposes to erect a Grant monument. The place of erection is not yet determined.

THE centennial anniversary of Dauphin County, Pa., was celebrated in Harrisburg last week with ceremonies and festivities.

THE registration of female voters for the city election in Boston shows a total number of 1,843, as against 271 in 1884.

CANTA, a little Peruvian town sixty miles from Lima, has been captured, with much carnage, by the irregular revolutionists under Caceres.

FIFTY tons of glycerine have been used for explosive purposes in the New York and Pennsylvania oil-fields during the last six months.

THE Ohio corn crop is in very fine condition, and the yield is estimated at 112,192,000 bushels. The crop in most of the Western States is the best in many years.

EMPEROR WILLIAM has sent an autograph letter to the Pope, looking to the settlement of the religious disputes that have been pending between Germany and the Vatican.

THE process of fumigation forced upon travelers by some Spanish towns in consequence of the cholera is so severe that some people have to be carried off on stretchers, and one woman, who begged hard to be let off, died from the effects.

THE Novelties Exhibition opened in Philadelphia on the 15th inst. with an address by President Tatham, of the Franklin Institute, who stated that these exhibitions would probably be held annually, and that next year's might be one of textile fabrics.

THE Treasury Department has brought suit against Dr. Loring, ex-Commissioner of Agriculture, to recover some \$20,000 said to have been expended without warrant of law. While the offense is technical, it none the less deserves to be dealt with as proposed.

A CLUB of 4,800 members, in Berlin, recently advertised for six medical officers to attend them at a salary of \$375 per annum each. This would make the contribution from each member of the club about seventy-five cents a year for medical attendance. More than 400 doctors applied for the places.

THE expulsion of Poles from Prussia continues with pitiless rigor. In many cases fathers of families are expelled and compelled to leave their children behind, and in almost all the cases the enforced removal entails much suffering and pecuniary loss. The number of expulsions is stated at 30,000.

AN English syndicate has recently purchased the Sanchez grant of land in Mexico, embracing over 1,400,000 acres. There are many indications that the English are gaining commercial supremacy in Northern Mexico over all other foreigners. They now control over 2,500,000 acres of land in Coahuila alone. The same syndicate is negotiating for the purchase of the Mexican International Railway.

MR. ROBERT BONNER having been invited to exhibit Maud S at the St. Louis Fair, next month, declines on the ground that, having the record of the fastest quarter, the fastest half, the fastest three-quarters, and the fastest mile, ever trotted, she is now entitled to a rest. "Besides," he says, "I have had but one ride behind her since I purchased her, and want to drive her a little myself; so I have ordered her to be brought home to my own stable."

A PROMINENT Mormon denies the report that the Mormon leaders are making a movement to take the entire Mormon fellowship into Mexico. "The wealthy men in Utah," he says, "are buying land in Arizona and Mexico, to a limited extent, purely for investment, the same as Eastern capitalists. The Mormon growth, however, has not been at all in that direction. Two Mormons have gone into Dakota where one has gone to Arizona. As for Mexico, none are going there of any account."

THE irrigation works of Colorado are on a great scale. The "Grand River Ditch," in Western Colorado, at the beginning, is thirty-five feet wide at the bottom, fifty wide at the top, five feet deep for the first ten miles, then diminishing until the last two and a half miles are sixteen feet wide at the bottom, with three feet depth of water. The grade is a little over twenty-two inches to the mile, which gives a strong current. One company engaged in the irrigating business has constructed over 100 miles of canals in the Rio Grande Valley at a cost of \$750,000.

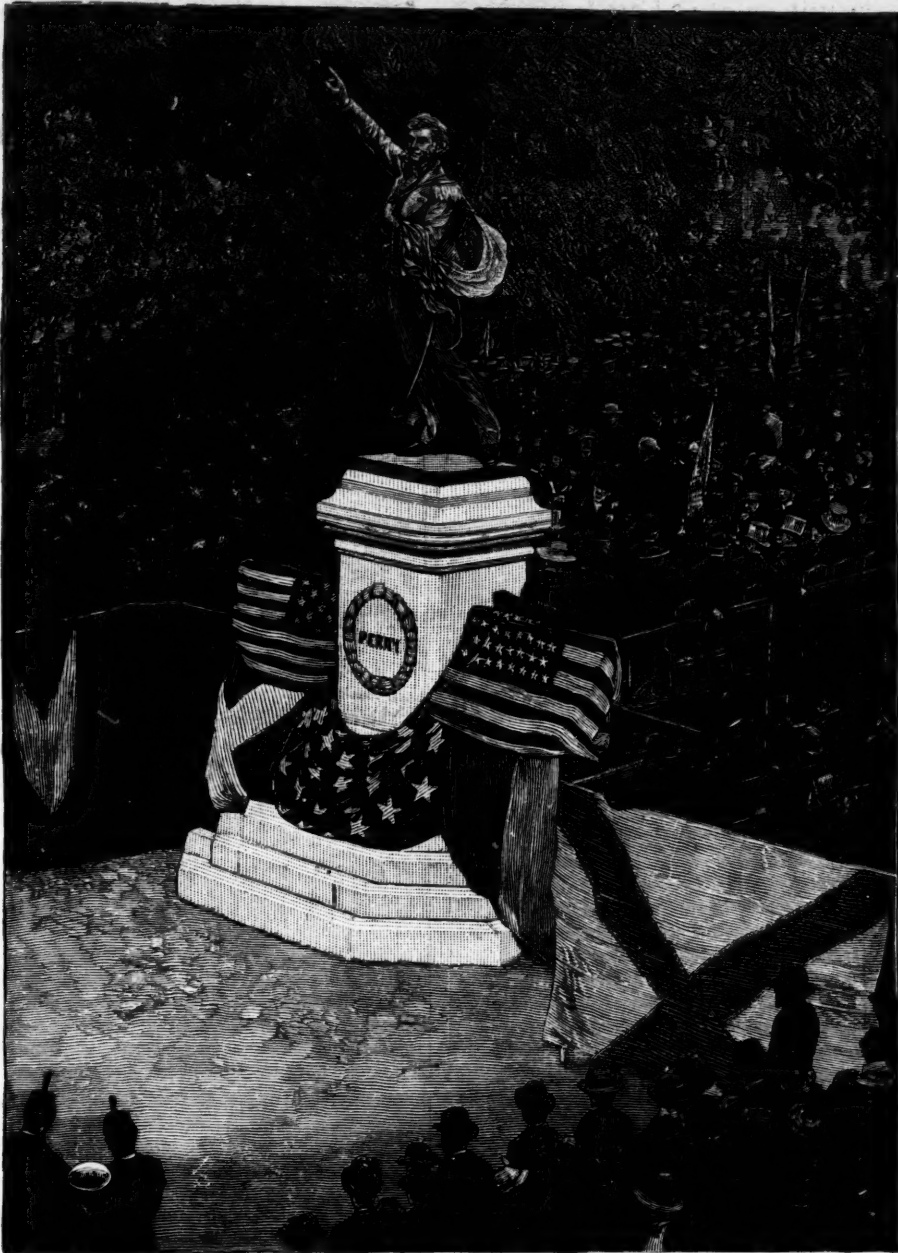
FLORIDA is the land of fruit as well as of flowers. A newspaper of that State says: "Commencing with January, we have strawberries then and until late in June. Japan plums from February. Mulberries are ripe in April and last until August. Pineapples ripen in June and last nearly all the year. We have guavas from July until late the next Spring. Of the various berries—dewberries, blackberries, and huckleberries—almost any quantity. Peaches from May 1st until July. Melons from June until late in the Fall. Oranges—the best of the kind—from October until the next June, with lemons and limes, persimmons, pomegranates, grape-fruit, grapes and shaddocks.

THE confederate churches of the Huguenots in London, Canterbury and Brighton are making elaborate preparations to celebrate the 18th and 22d of October, the bicentenary anniversary of the revocation of the edict of Nantes. The Lord Mayor of London will preside. On the 18th there will be two religious services of prayer and thanksgiving, one in French and one in English. On the 22d there will be a public meeting at the Mansion House, where it will be proposed to strike a medal commemorative of the day, and to establish two scholarships in the theological faculty of Montauban, France, of £25 each, for poor young men, of Huguenot parents, preparing for the ministry. In France, on the same evening, there will be a grand dinner at the Freemasons' Tavern, to which all descendants of the Huguenots, rich or poor, known as respectable, will be invited.



NEW JERSEY.—DRONES AND WORKERS—A SCENE ON THE MORRIS CANAL, NEAR LAKE HOPATCONG.

FROM A SKETCH BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 90.



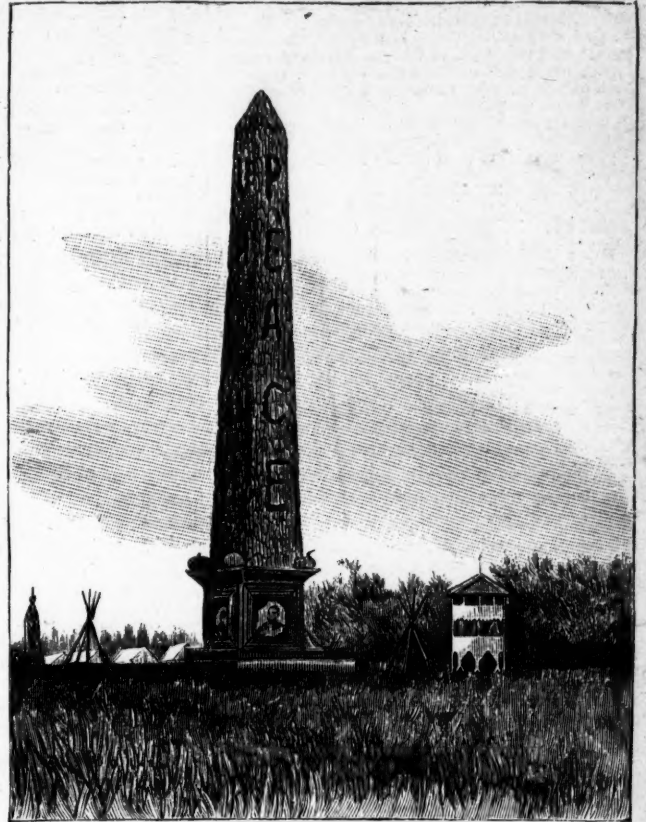
RHODE ISLAND.—UNVAILING THE STATUE OF COMMODORE OLIVER HAZARD PERRY, AT NEWPORT, SEPTEMBER 10TH.
FROM A PHOTO. BY L. ALMAN.

THE PERRY STATUE AT NEWPORT, R.I.
WE give on this page an illustration of the statue of Commodore Oliver Hazard Perry, the naval hero of the last war between Great

Britain and the United States, who won the battle of Lake Erie with a force inferior to that of the enemy, seventy-two years ago. The statue was unveiled at Newport, R. I., on the 10th inst., with marked pomp and ceremony. The old town put

on a holiday garb for the occasion, and the streets were thronged with interested spectators. The procession, which moved at eleven o'clock, was an imposing one, and the scene at and around the statue, when the marching columns returned to that point, was especially picturesque. Over seven hundred ladies and gentlemen occupied the immense platform. After prayer by Right Rev. Bishop Clark, the statue was unveiled by Mrs. La-farge, wife of the well-known artist, and Mrs. Pepper, wife of Dr. William Pepper, of Philadelphia, the ladies—who are grand daughters of Commodore Perry—drawing the silken cords, when the flag came down and the monumental bronze was exposed to the public gaze, amid enthusiastic applause.

The address of presentation by the committee to the authorities was made by ex-United States Senator William P. Sheffield. It embodied a spirited account of Perry's achievement, and closed with a presentation of the statue to Rhode Island and to Newport. Governor Wetmore and Mayor Franklin responded in behalf of the State and city. At the conclusion of Mayor Franklin's address between three and four hundred of the guests entered carriages and proceeded to the Ocean House, where a grand banquet was provided. Speeches were made by George Bancroft, Governor Wetmore, Chief-justice Durfee, Admiral C. R. P. Rodgers, United States Senator M. C. Butler, of South Carolina; Admiral Luce, and others. The new statue, which is the work of William G. Turner, formerly a citizen of Newport, but now a resident of Florence, Italy, is of bronze. A half-dozen steps support a slender shaft which has heavy molding at the top and bottom. On its western face a laurel wreath surrounds the word "Perry," while the famed words of the hero's dispatch to President Madison, "We have met the enemy, and they are ours," curve over the eastern face. The statue



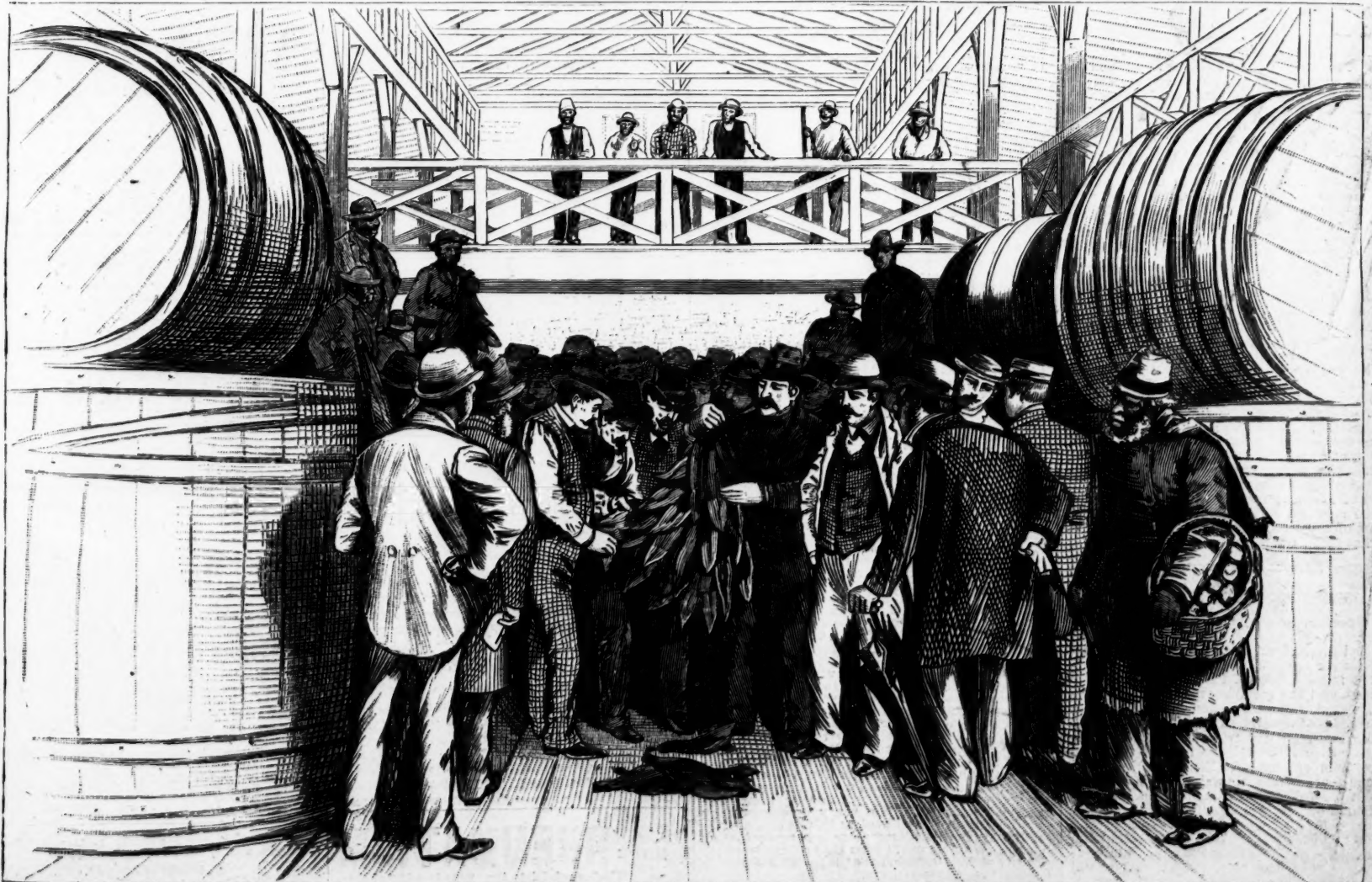
KANSAS.—MONUMENT OF GENERAL GRANT, CONSTRUCTED OF CORN-EARS, ON THE STATE FAIR GROUNDS AT PEABODY.
FROM A PHOTO. BY HARRY CHRIST.

is designed to represent Perry as he appeared in that supreme moment of his life, when he had just gained the deck of the *Niagara*, and was giving the orders which infused new enthusiasm into all the American crews, and so prepared the way for the victory afterwards achieved.

A statue of Commodore M. G. Perry, the Japanese Expedition leader, by Ward, was erected in Newport in 1864, so that this town has the rare distinction of two heroic bronze statues of brothers well worthy of the honor.

THE FIRST GRANT MONUMENT.

WE give on this page a picture of the first monument to the memory of General Grant. It was erected on the grounds of the Kansas State Fair at Peabody, and on account of its uniqueness, attracted wide attention. The obelisk, forty feet in height, is built of large ears of yellow corn, forty bushels being used in its construction. On the four sides are the words, "Union," "Liberty," "Peace," and "Plenty," formed by the insertion of red ears of corn for the letters, which are in perpendicular line. This obelisk stands upon a square base, formed of cornstalks in solid mass,



KENTUCKY.—AN AUCTION SALE OF TOBACCO IN A LOUISVILLE WAREHOUSE.
FROM A PHOTO.—SEE PAGE 90.

regularly laid, surrounding on each face of the square a large portrait of General U. S. Grant. Each corner of the base is topped with a huge pumpkin, in the style of Cleopatra's Needle, ornamented with the turtles, while on the ground, at each of the corners, there are a number of corn-stalk muskets with bayonets attached, and stacked in military style. The whole is built in an enduring manner, and it is expected that it will remain as an ornament to the grounds for a long time to come.

ARTISTIC DECORATION OF HOUSES.

MUCH has been said and written of late about the artistic decoration of our homes, and the commonest observer cannot fail to notice the change in the exterior decorations as well as the internal improvements in the home, be it in the country, by the seaside, or in the city. To meet the requirements of the multitudes everywhere seeking for improvements in colors, the H. W. JOHNS MANUFACTURING COMPANY has just issued a handbook entitled, "Exterior Decorations," which gives many practical hints on house-painting, and presents colors in groups so combined as to show the effect of different shades of colors, when applied to the house as body, blind and trimming, thus enabling one to see at a glance the most fashionable shades. These are combined in separate groups of three each, as they have by practical experience been found to produce the most pleasing effect, and each group or family so separated from any other avoids the confusion attending the old way of presenting a great number of shades in proximity, with little or no regard to harmony, and often distracting rather than assisting the inexperienced householder seeking the correct combinations of color for his home. The arrangement is ingenious and helpful to the development of artistic taste in exterior decorations, and will be found useful to painters and others in the selection of desirable shades of colors for houses, stores, factories, bridges, etc. "Exterior Decoration" will be sent free of charge to any one requesting it from the H. W. JOHNS MFG. CO., 87 Maiden Lane, New York.

PHILOSOPHERS AS HUSBANDS.

A WRITER in the Philadelphia Times says: "The most renowned of American writers have been odel husbands. Nathaniel Hawthorne, strange, say, morbid, having more than the eccentricities of genius, did not marry Sophie Peabody, also peculiar, until nearly forty, an age when it is commonly difficult for bachelors to adapt themselves to new conditions. They were quite poor, too—poverty always adds to the strain and burden of wedlock—and had vexations and grievances without end. Any one might have prophesied that such a union would have an unfortunate termination; for all the sources of disharmony and estrangement were in it, but it proved exceptionally happy. He and she were brought most closely together by their narrow circumstances and retiring disposition, and the closer they got the nearer they grew—the fuller and deeper their sympathy became. She was a constant aid, stimulus and encouragement to him, and he felt and said that he owed whatever he had achieved to her. In no romance can a picture be found of a more complete life of love and attractive mutual adjustment than was theirs. Ralph Waldo Emerson—lived but five months; the second, Lidian Jackson—he was thirty-two when he wedded her—still survives and is an exalted specimen of womanhood. It has been repeatedly asserted that poets and philosophers make wretched conjugal partners; that they carry neither poetry nor philosophy into the seclusion of their home. Emerson, however, was both poet and philosopher, and yet an excellent husband, performing all the duties of the position completely and faithfully, and lending it every grace of his fine nature and development. His rare combination of the practical and ideal fitted him to be the head of a household, and a delightful head he was. No one who ever visited him failed to testify to both his genuine hospitality and his admirable maritalism. To some women he might have been troublesome, for his habits were at times rather odd. One of them was to jot down at any time in his notebook any thought, impression or quotation or suggestion that might occur to him as valuable for future use. For some months after his second marriage, when he would rise in the night and grope around for a match, she would ask: "Are you ill, husband?" and he would reply: "No, my dear—only an idea," and then proceed to record it. In due season she learned that the purpose of these nocturnal disturbances was purely intellectual. Longfellow was nowhere more of a poet than in his own family. His wife, Miss Appleton, was burned to death by the igniting of her light garments when she was preparing for a party, and the terrible tragedy never passed from his mind or heart. She was a lovely creature, it is universally conceded, and he mourned her loss, which came when he was comparatively young, to his dying hour. He did not murmur nor visibly grieve, but he sat patiently, though pensively, under the shadow of his great affliction, evincing a beautiful resignation to his widowhood. As a father he was an example of gentleness, tenderness and affection, and his children adored him. For thirty years he lived alone, never seeking to assuage his bereavement by taking another companion. The memory of her who had gone was more to him than the actual presence and breathing love of any one of the sweet and charming women he might have had for the asking."

THE MISSISSIPPI RESERVOIR SYSTEM.

THE Government engineers' report concerning the reservoir system at the head-waters of the Mississippi gives the result of experiments made in the last six or seven weeks. The upper reservoirs, 500 miles above St. Paul, were opened on August 1st, and the receiving reservoir, 400 miles above St. Paul, two weeks later. On September 1st the surface of the stream at points from 250 to 300 miles below the receiving reservoir was two feet higher than it would have been if the gates had not been opened. At St. Paul there was about one foot of reservoir water. It is expected that when the full effect of the system shall appear, about four feet will be gained at a point 100 miles above St. Paul, and from one to one and a half feet at St. Paul. This indicates that the effect of the system in raising the level will disappear not far below that city. The reservoirs will greatly improve the water-power at Minneapolis in the dry season, and be of some value to commerce on the stream from Pokegama southward to that city.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

DOMESTIC.

THE Grant Monument Fund has reached a total of about \$80,000.

Dr. J. B. HAMILTON has tendered his resignation as Surgeon-general of the Hospital Marine Service.

At a school election in Binghamton, N. Y., last week, women generally voted, the result being a male vote greatly in excess of the usual poll. Many young ladies tried to vote who were neither mothers nor tax-payers, but their ballots were rejected.

THE yacht-race for the Commodore's Cup was won on the 18th inst. by the *Genesta*, and she easily secured the prize in her class. Her actual time ahead of the *Gracie* at the finish was 29 minutes and 38 seconds. The cup won is valued at \$1,000.

THE authorities of Michigan some weeks ago called the Federal Government to aid them in keeping smallpox patients from entering their State from Canada. Federal inspectors were appointed, and no contagion is reported on the American side of the Detroit and St. Clair Rivers.

CHINESE Commissioners from San Francisco have gone to Rock Springs, in Wyoming Territory, to investigate the recent massacre of Chinamen by white miners. Two United States officers will act as their escort during the investigation. The Government Directors of the Union Pacific Road, who are making an investigation at Rock Springs, report to the Secretary of the Interior that the property of the company and the Government's interests therein are in danger, and ask that the managers of the road shall be aided and protected by the army.

FOREIGN.

THE British Parliament has been further prorogued until December 5th.

FIGHTING has been renewed in Madagascar between the French and the Hovas.

A MEETING of representative business men in London has adopted resolutions urging the annexation of Zululand by Great Britain.

THE Prussian Government has again rejected the Vatican's proposals in regard to the vacant See of Posen and education in seminaries.

THE deadly climate of the Cameroons is evidenced by the fact that half the crews of the German ironclads stationed off them are sick.

THERE are at present 1,300 candidates in the field for election to the French Chamber of Deputies. Of this number 500 have previously occupied seats in the Chamber.

THE police of St. Petersburg have been ordered to renew for the remainder of the year the measures of increased stringency adopted during the darkest days of Nihilism.

THE expulsion of Austrians from Prussia has begun. A large factory at Warsaw has dismissed its German employees and replaced them with Russians expelled from Prussia.

It is said that the Black Flags in Tonquin are preparing for an active guerrilla war on the French troops, and will soon begin aggressive operations unless terms are made with them.

FUN.

A COAT of paint has no buttons on it.

PASSING fair—The street-car passenger.

THE food for prize-fighters—Round steak.

THE tooth of Time—One extracted on credit.

ESTABLISHED on a sound basis—A brass band.

THE wages of sin is death; but the wages of Ah Sin is fifty cents a dozen.

SIGNAL-SERVICE officers naturally have a weather-beaten look after a long term of wrong guessing as to rain or shine.

FRAUDS AND IMITATIONS.

LET it be clearly understood that Compound Oxygen is only made and dispensed by DR. STARKEY & PALEN, 1529 Arch Street, Philadelphia. Any substance made elsewhere, and called Compound Oxygen, is spurious and worthless, and those who try it simply throw away their money, as they will in the end discover. Send for their treatise on Compound Oxygen. It will be mailed free.

"I WONDER how that man can dance on the tight rope with such facility?" "Oh, easy enough. Like everything else, it has to be taut."

THE firm of NOVELLO, EWER & CO. has published five out of the six of the choral novelties produced at the late Birmingham Festival, England. These are Gounod's great oratorio, "Mors et Vita"; Dvorak's powerful dramatic cantata, "The Spectre Bride"; Cowen's beautiful and melodious cantata, "The Sleeping Beauty"; T. Anderson's cantata, "Yule-tide"; and Dr. Bridge's musical setting of Mr. Gladstone's Latin translation of "Rock of Ages," for baritone solo and chorus. These are all published in the handy octavo edition so familiar to our chorus singers.

THE BEAUTY OF WOMAN

IS HER crown of glory. But, alas! how quickly does the nervous debility and chronic weakness of the sex cause the bloom of youth to pass away, sharpen the lovely features, and emaciate the rounded form! There is but one remedy which will restore the faded roses and bring back the grace of youth. It is DR. PIERCE'S "FAVORITE PRESCRIPTION," a sovereign remedy for the diseases peculiar to females. It is one of the greatest boons ever conferred upon the human race, for it preserves that which is fairest and dearest to all mankind—the beauty and the health of woman.

SHOES become defaced from use before they are very much worn, and in order to keep them in presentable shape it becomes imperative to apply a dressing of some kind. It should be the study of all to make them wear as long as possible and look well. Varnishes that only veneer the shoe are bad, because they close the natural pores of the leather. All of the cheaper dressings are varnishes; then again, a high polish on ladies' shoes is never desirable. These difficulties have been overcome by the invention of BUTTON'S RAVEN GLOSS SHOE DRESSING, which meets with a ready indorsement by manufacturers of, and dealers in, fine shoes. It is an article of merit. Many manufacturers are using it on their fine stock, which they certainly would not if not fully satisfied that it would not injure the leather. Its merits are, that it does not close the pores, preserves the shoe, will not smut the skirts, gives a natural finish, and is consequently the most desirable and economical dressing yet invented for ladies' and children's fine shoes.

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VERY SATISFACTORY IN PROSTRATION.

DR. P. P. GILMARTIN, Detroit, Mich., says: "I have found it very satisfactory in its effects, notably in the prostration attendant upon alcoholism."

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"I have found Liebig Co.'s Acidulated Extract of Witch Hazel the most satisfactory preparation of Witch Hazel, in every respect, of any I have yet seen."

"J. G. GILCHRIST, M.D., Professor of Surgery, etc."

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A BOTTLE of ANGOSTURA BITTERS to flavor your lemonade or any other cold drink with, will keep you free from Dyspepsia, Colic, Diarrhea, and all diseases originating from the digestive organs. Be sure to get the genuine ANGOSTURA, manufactured by Dr. J. G. B. SIEGERT & SONS.

THE PEOPLE'S WORLD-WIDE VERDICT.

BURNETT'S COCAINE has been sold in every civilized country, and the public have rendered the verdict that it is the cheapest and best Hair Dressing in the world.

BURNETT'S FLAVORING EXTRACTS are invariably acknowledged the purest and the best.

TO CONSUMPTIVES.

READER, can you believe that the Creator afflicts one-third of mankind with a disease for which there is no remedy? DR. R. V. PIERCE'S "GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY" has cured hundreds of cases of consumption, and men are living to-day—healthy, robust men—whom physicians pronounced incurable, because one lung was almost gone. Send two stamps for Dr. Pierce's pamphlet on Consumption and Kindred Affections. Address, WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

WE desire to call the attention of such of our readers as may be contemplating housekeeping to the card of HADLEY'S, Cooper Institute, New York city, which appears in our columns. This firm have constantly on hand full lines of White and Decorated French China and English Porcelain Dinner, Tea and Chamber Sets, as well as all housefurnishing goods, which they offer at popular prices. They make a specialty of sending their goods throughout the country on receipt of P. O. Money Order or Draft, or by Express, C. O. D. Illustrated Catalogue and Price-list free on application.

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ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

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Hall's Hair Renewer.

The best way to prevent the hair from falling out, is to use Hall's Hair Renewer. It will restore the color and vitality of youth to the hair, and, used as a dressing, will render the hair soft, pliant, and glossy. Mrs. L. M. Shorey, Pawtucket, R. I., writes: "I used Hall's Hair Renewer after a long illness. It not only checked the falling out of my hair, and stimulated a new growth, but has also restored it to its original color." Mrs. C. B. Staples, Kennebunk, Me., writes: "Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer is the best and cleanest dressing for the hair I ever used. It keeps the hair and scalp in a healthy condition, and removes every trace of dandruff from it. I should scarcely know what to do without the Renewer."

By the use of Hall's Hair Renewer, the hair may be retained to old age, in all its youthful vigor and beauty. Mrs. Ann M. Thompson, Somerville, Mass., writes: "I have used Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer for the past thirty years, and my hair is as vigorous and glossy as when I was twenty. I am now 65 years of age." Mrs. A. E. Robbins, Warsaw, Ill., writes: "My hair began to grow thin and gray when I was thirty years of age. By using Hall's Hair Renewer, I was soon in possession of a heavy growth of hair. The color was restored, and by the occasional use of the Renewer, in the last twenty years, I have been able to keep my hair in its present healthy condition. It is the most satisfactory dressing I have ever used."

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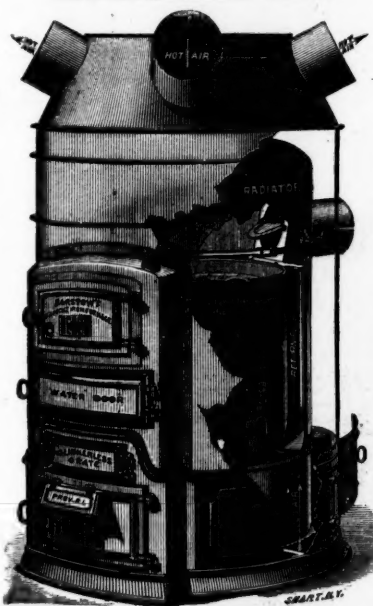
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